The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1927 NUMBER 666

Contents

The Week 54

Editorials

Penalties of the Sacco-Vanzetti Execution 57

Would Depression Help the Democrats? 59

General Articles

The Thing ..... Shaemas O'Sheel 61

The Future of the Chinese Revolution ..... Paul Blanshard 63

Salt Lake City ..... Nels Anderson 66

The Decline of Wamblee Tokahu ..... Felix Ray 69

Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 70

Cards and Faces ..... Robert Littell 72

Once More, O Commonwealth (verse) ..... Witter Bynner 74

Correspondence 74

Reviews of Books

Gog, Magog and Evolution ..... C. E. Ayres 76

China and the Chinese ..... Lyman Bryson 77

Is Childhood a Disease? ..... Harvey Zorbaugh 78

Caxton and His Time ..... Charles Read Baskervill 78

Lincoln in a New Role ..... Eben Swift 79

Fiction Notes ..... R. M. L. 79

The Week

THE action of Viscount Cecil in resigning from the British cabinet is not surprising. He has long been at odds with the general policy of the Conservatives in foreign affairs, and could hardly have continued to assume joint responsibility for it, without stultification. He mentions in his letter as the chief points of difference the rejection of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the ministerial declaration against compulsory arbitration by the Hague Court, the rejection of the protocol of 1924, the partial failure of the League's Preparatory Conference on Disarmament, and the breakdown of the late Geneva conference on naval limitation. He might have added the most important grievance of all: the cavalier attitude of the present British government toward the League of Nations, of which Viscount Cecil is one of the warmest supporters. Great Britain, at present, uses the League when she pleases, and ignores it when direct negotiation seems more suited to any immediate objective. To an enthusiast like Viscount Cecil, that is almost worse than complete abstention.

FOR American readers, the most interesting passage in his letter is that dealing with the breakdown of the naval conference. He declares that agreement was possible, and was prevented by the intransigence of the British government. That statement will be a facer, as they themselves might say, for the British press, which has been nearly unanimous in blaming the Geneva fiasco on America. Both countries, of course, were to blame, with an especially heavy burden of responsibility on America, which called the conference without finding out in advance what was within the bounds of reasonable expectation and what was not. Viscount Cecil's statement is further evidence supporting a thesis already well established: that international conferences are likely to be useless if one or several of the powers represented are under the domination of a government bent upon maintaining military or naval "security."

MARSHAL Chang Tso-lin has followed up the recent notable military successes of himself and his allies by a shrewd political move. In an interview with the Peking correspondent of the New York Times, Chang's Premier, Pan Fu, declares the Northern government is just as Nationalist as the South, but "more orderly." It, likewise, proposes to demand of the foreign powers that they abrogate the unequal treaties, and Pan Fu suggests the calling of a conference to lay plans for this. The Premier also hints politely that the foreign troops in Tientsin, and Japan's force of several thousand men in the Shantung peninsula "are no longer needed and should be reduced sharply as a token of friendship and confidence." That the suggestion was a sound one is shown by the announcement on Monday that the Japanese forces are to be withdrawn at once. Marshall Chang knows that all Chinese, North and South, resent the special privileges enjoyed by foreigners. A campaign for their abrogation would immensely help the morale of his troops in the field, and at the same time make it doubly worth while for the foreigners, by coming to his financial assistance, to put such thoughts out of his head for the present. Either way, the shrewd generalissimo stands to win.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESIDENT Cosgrave has played a skillful political game in dissolving the Irish Parliament and calling a general election for September 15. Despite his victory in two recent Dublin by-elections and his majority by one vote in the Dail, his position was a precarious one, and the end of his Ministry, to be succeeded by a Labor government, was probable in the near future. He can now go to the country and appeal for a verdict on his policies at a moment when de Valera has weakened himself with the die-hard Republicans by entering the Dail and taking the hated oath to King George. Also, Cosgrave can raise plenty of money to fight an election, whereas the coffers of his enemies are empty. That fact is indicated by the announcement of the Sinn Fein party that it will not take part in the forthcoming election, owing to lack of funds. Despite the intransigence of a considerable part of the population, it looks as though a policy of conciliation and of cooperation with Great Britain is still to dominate.

SECRETARY Kellogg seems to have an anti-foreign complex which is doubly astonishing in view of his official position. When some Nicaraguans seemed unfriendly to the United States, he blamed Russia, which he alleged to be acting through Mexico; and last week he attributed Panama's reluctance to sign the pending treaty with us, to criticism in the European press. Europe, Secretary Kellogg says, told Panama that this treaty, compelling the Isthmian country to go to war when the United States does, is incompatible with her League membership. Three remarks seem in order: first, that Panama has not rejected the treaty, but is now working out certain changes which our State Department some time ago agreed to consider; second, the proposed treaty is in fact difficult to reconcile with Panama's League membership; and third, that our policy in Nicaragua and the Caribbean is quite enough to account for any degree of hostility displayed toward us by Panama or any other Central American country, without hunting for more remote causes such as the advice of the European press.

EVERYTHING is just lovely in Nicaragua, according to Brigadier-General Logan Feland of the Marine Corps, who has just given up command of our forces in that country. Our forces have been reduced from 1,500 to 1,200 men; the rebellious natives are turning in their rifles and cartridges and being paid ten dollars for the former and five cents each for the latter. The "banditry" of men like Sandino and Salgado is now "unimportant." General Feland is corroborated by a sergeant of the Marines who, asked about the attitude of the Nicaraguans, said:

> They treated us fine and, of course, we treated them nice too. It's the only way to get along with people.

Obviously, everything here depends upon the meaning of the word "nice." A few weeks ago some 300 Nicaraguans were killed by our forces, the latter using aeroplanes, bombs and machine guns, against which the Nicaraguans were so helpless that only one man was killed among the Americans. Throughout Latin America, these 300 persons have been regarded as patriots assassinated by soldiers of an invading foe; but this was evidently a mistake; the Americans were merely being nice in their own rough, playful way.

ANYONE who believes that Boston is not in a pathological frame of mind over the Sacco-Vanzetti case has only to consider the sentence meted out by Municipal Court Judge Bennett to Miss Mary Donovan, Secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee. Miss Donovan, at the funeral of the two men, displayed a poster which said: " 'Did you see what I did to those two anarchistic bastards?'—Signed, Judge Thayer." These words, as our readers will remember, are taken from the statement of Professor Richardson of Dartmouth, which is supported by affidavit. They have been printed frequently in the newspapers, and never denied by Judge Thayer or any of his defenders. Yet for exhibiting them in public, Judge Bennett sentenced Miss Donovan to a year in jail—six months for "inciting a riot," and six months for "promoting anarchy," plus a ten-dollar fine for "obstructing foot traffic." However useless her act may have been, there is good reason to believe that she was guilty of none of these crimes. The Judge refused to permit her to explain in court that she is not an anarchist, ruling that her "personal views were not important." His actions, we submit, were not those of a wise and just judge, intent on seeing that as much liberty shall be preserved to the individual as is consonant with the maintenance of order. On the contrary, he gave every sign of being filled with rage and hate, of using his position to exact a mean and contemptible revenge against an opponent in community warfare who happened to come under his power. If this is characteristic of the way the "good people" of Boston feel—and we believe that it is—then Boston is indeed ill.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose letter we print elsewhere in this issue, argues, in a strain which has become familiar, that, since Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, they were not entitled to the benefits of due process of law, and that it was sheer hypocrisy for them to petition "for mercy and justice." It is the contention of the New Republic that this was exactly the position taken by the administrators of justice, consciously or unconsciously, throughout the entire proceedings. In the case of Governor Fuller, we have his own speech in Congress when he called for "the execution of the whole red scum brood of Anarchists, Bolsheviks, I. W. W.'s and revolutionaries." This speech was made in urging the expulsion of Victor Berger from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress. Mr. Berger's case was pending in an appellate court which finally found him innocent, but despite this fact Governor Fuller pronounced him guilty of treason; and, like our correspondent, took the ground that he "does not merit the protection of the laws which he flouts." It is this denial of the sacredness of law and the sanctity of the courts, subordinating both to certain immediate considerations, which constitutes a danger to our institutions far greater than any conceivable in the efforts of Sacco, Vanzetti and their associates. Such denial undoubtedly goes back to the War and its disturbance of old-time convictions of liberty and law. In a sense, Sacco and Vanzetti were casualties of the War which they hated. They were judged by Governor Fuller ten years ago; and it is the crime of Massachusetts that, in electing Fuller to the governorship, it sealed that judgment.

MARRYING Charlie Chaplin would seem to be one of the fairly profitable Hollywood industries. The latest Mrs. Chaplin has been awarded $600,000 for herself and $200,000 for her children; and the former wife also did very well in her settlement. The lady who has just been enabled to answer in the affirmative the ancient question, "Does marriage pay?" has achieved another record. Through legal process, she has prevented, for a year, all creative work by one of the greatest geniuses of this generation, a man who has undoubtedly given more pleasure to more people than anyone else who ever lived. Not an unimportant accomplishment, for an empty-headed twenty-year-old Hollywood girl, even if she were aided in her malignancy and avariciousness by the advice of counsel.

LINES are holding firm in the bitterly fought coal strike, and production is not being increased. Though the non-union mines now supply considerably more than half of the normal output, they do not supply enough to fill the entire current demand. About 8,250,000 tons a week is the best they can do, while the average weekly consumption throughout the year is about 10,500,000. The deficit during the spring and summer has been made up by drawing on surplus stocks in storage, which, on April 1, amounted to the unprecedented figure of 75,000,000 tons. It takes only a simple division to see that this surplus, drawn off at the rate of something over two million tons weekly, will not last much over thirty-five weeks. That means that a real shortage of supply must arrive some time this fall, if the strike remains unbroken that long. And, of course, in the fall the normal demand for coal is above the average for the year. Then we may expect to see the usual round of events in this anarchic industry—profiteering by those who still have coal to sell, a settlement at the union mines, resumption of operations, overproduction, falling prices, unemployment, wage cuts, and another strike—and so on *ad infinitum*. Unless, by some faint chance, the intelligence of enough people with enough power should rise to the dizzy heights of understanding that in this industry the combination of private enterprise, competition and chronic anti-unionism does not work.

INCIDENTALLY, the editor of the Railway Age recently made a speech in which he protested against the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission in reducing freight rates on coal from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to the Lake ports. These states contain the bulk of the union mines. His explanation of the reduction is that it was made to help a depressed industry, under the Hoch-Smith resolution, passed by the last Congress. He goes on to say:

> The true cause of the depression in the union mines is that they have been paying much higher wages than the non-union mines and at present are closed by a strike to maintain those higher wages. . . . When did it become a reasonable exercise of governmental authority for railway rates and earnings to be reduced to compensate for a difference in wages being paid by producers competing with each other in some other industry?

But the editor, being a propagandist for the interest of the privately owned railways, with an anti-union bias, as usual omits some of the most relevant facts. Before the reduction, coal freight rates from the central fields were artificially high in relation to transportation costs, as compared with rates from West Virginia and Kentucky. This disparity was supported on the theory that it gave the buyers of coal a competitive advantage by bringing more distant supplies into their market. The theory is poor economics, and its application causes economic waste in excess transportation. To carry it out to the extent of handicapping a depressed industry close to the market in question would be absurd—whatever the cause of the depression. All that was done was to lower the rates for the shorter hauls to a more equitable ratio with transportation costs. If railroads under private ownership must depend on the economic waste of unnecessary transportation, the sooner they are removed from private ownership the better.

WASHINGTON is astir these days because of a struggle over harnessing the water power of the Potomac River. The Federal Power Commission is considering the granting of a permit to the Potomac River Corporation to build power dams at Harpers' Ferry, Great Falls and Chain Bridge, and storage dams at points further up the river. Anyone who has spent much time in Washington knows that these places are of great natural beauty, and some of them, especially Great Falls, provide unique places of recreation for the people of the capital. The chances are, however, that no group will be sufficiently influential to halt the plans of business—the national idol.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON Friday, August 19, three days before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the New Republic republished as a full page advertisement in the New York Times an editorial from its then current issue entitled "A Letter to President Lowell." In our issue of last week, it was announced that the cost of this advertisement, about $1,900, was to be met by public subscription, of which, however, only about $750 was obtained in the short period of time before the advertisement was printed, and our readers were invited to contribute to this fund. In the two business days between the appearance of last week's issue and the closing of the forms for the present one, we are glad to report that twenty-eight persons have contributed a total of $235.50 for the purpose of meeting this cost. We are glad to renew our invitation to our readers, with the assurance that any sums contributed in excess of the cost of the advertisement will be turned over to help meet the deficit of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Fund.

Penalties of the Sacco-Vanzetti Execution

AFTER a tragedy such as the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the influential members of society immediately enter into a partly conscious and a partly instinctive conspiracy to hush it up. If they are not ashamed of what they have done, they are certainly uneasy about it. Once they have put an end to the victims, they would like also to put an end to the grievance and to the controversy. In cultivating forgetfulness, they are, of course, aided by the intrinsic difficulty of keeping the dead alive. Living human beings find it far from easy to remain vividly interested in the affairs of the dead—even though the dead have died in a cause which lives; and in that event it is the cause which is kept green rather than the body and spirit of its martyrs. Such is the burden of the great funeral orations for the honored dead, from Pericles to Lincoln.

If Sacco and Vanzetti died for a cause (which we doubt) there will be a difference of opinion about what the cause is. Their comrades in anarchy will, of course, do their best to apotheosize them as the victims of a ruthless and deliberate class conspiracy; and if the victims themselves in the moments of their last agony cherished a hope, it was that their own blood and the tears of their friends might give abundant nourishment to the cause of anarchy. The liberals who labored in vain to obtain for them a new trial will not share this hope. They are bound, indeed, to regard it as a delusion. If anarchy is an impossible political and economic system, the blood of a million martyrs will not fertilize its growth. From the point of view of the liberals, the judicial execution of Sacco and Vanzetti is a far more hopeless tragedy than it is from the point of view of the anarchists. For the cause of justice and fair-dealing in the execution of the criminal laws in which liberals were interested is a cause which is already supposed to have been won. It was dishonored in the present instance not in theory but in fact. The people who dishonored it served it with their lips. These people will do their best to prevent their violation in fact from being advertised and confirmed by any further investigation of the record of the original hold-up. They may succeed. It is improbable that the world will ever learn the names of all the men who occupied the bandits' car at South Braintree on April 15, 1919. It is equally improbable, although, of course, highly desirable, that the Defense Committee will ever be able to establish irrefutably the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti, and such proof, even if it were forthcoming, would emphasize the tragedy rather than extenuate it. The liberal defenders of the two Italians have, in failing to save the lives of the defendants, lost practically all that they were fighting for.

That is why the killing of Sacco and Vanzetti on the existing evidence is so irreparable a mistake and so ominous a disaster. In the moral economy of our still savage world, there is no possible and, consequently, no fitting compensation for the execution of the innocent but some kind of retaliation and punishment. It arouses in right-minded people feelings similar to those which in another column of this issue are eloquently expressed by Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel. Of course, we do not mean that there is the slightest justification for visiting this punishment on the bodies of the individuals who were responsible for the execution. It would be deplorable and outrageous from every point of view for any comrade of Sacco and Vanzetti to penalize by violence the assumed innocence of their dead comrades. Nevertheless, retaliation of some kind there is bound to be. Messrs. Thayer, Fuller, Grant, Lowell and their followers have started something the consequences of which they will live to regret. A highly organized society which depends for its health upon a moral balance cannot perpetrate and endorse such a gross miscarriage of justice without paying for the betrayal of its own ideals.

It will doubtless be objected that, by denouncing it as a miscarriage of justice which calls, under the law of compensation, for some appropriate punishment, the New Republic is merely assuming the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti and, consequently, the question in dispute, but if this objection is urged, we do not have to dig very deep for a sufficient answer. The New Republic has not assumed the innocence of the accused and executed men. It has only declared that they have never received a fair trial. There were manifest flaws in the record of the original conviction. New evidence subsequently added to the seriousness of these flaws and to the dubiousness of the verdict. From the point of view of the Anglo-American tradition in criminal law, the government of Massachusetts was morally bound to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clear up the ambiguities and to fill up the holes in the evidence. It could repair these faults only by a new argument before a new judge and jury. The criminal procedure of Massachusetts placed obstacles in the way of obtaining a new trial, which were increased by the reluctance of its judges to acknowledge that a colleague could make a serious mistake; but these obstacles would have been surmounted easily if responsible public opinion in that state had not cherished a prejudice against alien radicals and had not valued the prestige of the state more than the substance of justice. The conscience of Massachusetts was never able to discern or willing to admit that the reasonable attitude toward the alleged guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti was an attitude of doubt. Considering the circumstances of their first trial and the new evidence, their conviction by one jury did not deprive them of the benefit of this doubt.

Such from the beginning was the opinion of liberal spectators of the event. After procedural remedies had failed, they supported the device of an advisory commission in the confident hope that its appointment presupposed the existence of a doubt which, unless it were cleared up by a new trial, would render impossible the execution of the accused. But they did not know the conscience of Massachusetts. The commission behaved as if its major premise were not the existence of a reasonable doubt but the existence of an unreasonable doubt which it was appointed to dispel by an authoritative interpretation of the existent evidence. The representatives of the most reputable and highly educated public opinion in Massachusetts, under the leadership of the President of Harvard University, felt impelled to manufacture out of the sands of questionable particular decisions a rope of certainty strong enough to be used as a hangman's cord.

Their verdict was, we insist, a betrayal of the faith in reason which is inherent in the composition of a liberal and humane state. The commission tried to vindicate by the parade of social authority a profoundly dubious conviction which could only be sufficiently vindicated by more and better evidence. It took the lives of two men as the result of an elaborate guess, which was then proclaimed, by virtue of the social standing of the guessers, to be the embodiment of reason and the utterance of an immaculately just and righteous tribunal. The great majority of good Americans have either swallowed this pretension or at least have not publicly and sufficiently protested against it. Certain liberals who favored a new trial have publicly praised the wisdom, the patience, the dignity and the courage of the commission. Courageous its members unquestionably were, but wise they were not, unless it be wisdom to place the whole prestige of an American state behind a deliberate and solemn act of doubtful justice. Their valor seems to us to be the valor of culpable ignorance, which cheapened the credit of their country in the eyes of their countrymen and of the world. It is not the good repute of the courts which will suffer chiefly as the result of their mistake. Outside of Massachusetts, the procedure of the courts is based upon the assumption of their fallibility. But what will suffer is the confidence of all classes in an appeal to reason for the correction of alleged wrongs and grievances. They have impaired the authority of reason in public life by condemning, as spokesmen of the conscience of Massachusetts, two men to death without sufficient evidence.

Public opinion has submitted to this betrayal of its own hygienic principle; and, as we have said, one of the most undeniable of all human motives will operate to confirm the submission. But despite every attempt to bury the memory of the default in the grave of its victims, its effects, like the soul of John Brown, will continue to march. The shades of Sacco and Vanzetti will harvest their revenge, not by virtue of any future triumph of anarchism, and probably not by any future vindication of their vanquished liberal defenders, but by the consequences which will follow from the public marriage which Messrs. Thayer, Fuller and Lowell have consummated between unreason and social authority. From the point of view of the interests which they wished to promote, they have failed more completely than their extinct victims. They intended, by endorsing the execution of the two Italians, to reinsure certain social assets whose safety was, to their minds, compromised by the lawlessness of alien agitators and its silly or mistaken American defenders. They have achieved just the opposite. They have confirmed the prevailing impression among the foreign-born citizens of the United States that the native-born regard the later comers as unworthy to share the traditional rights and responsibilities of the American system. They have encouraged foreign-born "radicals" who believe in violence to hug the delusion. Above all they have educated those class-conscious American citizens, who delight to take advantage of a plausible opportunity to jail or to hang Communists and anarchists, to indulge in an even more righteous self-satisfaction in their own bloodthirsty intolerance. Finally, they have forced liberals who recognize the existence and the danger of class consciousness to question the possibility of uprooting it without the purging calamity of a prolonged and a bitter class conflict.

Of course, liberals who believe that the hope of mankind depends upon the creative power of human intelligence cannot allow this kind of doubt to paralyze their actions. They cannot join either of the blind and fanatical class-conscious sects; they cannot permit feelings of fear, exasperation, hatred, righteousness to cloud their social conscience; and they cannot abandon the appeal to public opinion as an ultimately trustworthy tribunal in matters of public policy and justice. But they should learn from the tragic deaths of Sacco and Vanzetti that Ameri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can public opinion is still suffering from an ugly disease which is all the more dangerous because it brings with it the delusion of moral vitality and physical health. Messrs. Fuller and Lowell would never have attempted to deny Sacco and Vanzetti the benefit of the doubt except in an atmosphere created by the class prejudices, the snobbishness, the confused landmarks, the inertia and the weak complaisance of educated American opinion. The American public conscience has since the beginning of this controversy never really understood that in insisting on the reasonableness of doubt, when evidence is faulty but attainable, the defenders of the two Italians were asserting the efficacy and the majesty of the human intelligence. Fundamentally it confuses intelligence with the definition and with the emotional affirmation of accepted principles rather than with a relentless and indefatigable habit and method of inquiry. Such a confusion is fatal, for it exposes public opinion almost wholly unprotected to the assaults of propaganda. It is by admitting and cherishing doubt when evidence is lacking that men are stimulated to seek and find more evidence, and it is only by ideals and projects which create a desire for evidence on the part of their spokesmen that a liberal society can live and grow.

Would Depression Help the Democrats?

WHEN political prospects have been under discussion during the past year or two, the most common of the commonplaces has been —the Republicans will have a walk-over in the next election, unless we should have a period of bad times for business. Such an observation looks reasonable on the face of things. The Republican party has made business prosperity its chief, and in recent years, almost its only, concern. Most people cannot, apparently, be stirred to dissatisfaction with any evil, or any maladministration, or any remote danger, so long as their pockets are comparatively well filled, and their time is occupied with getting and spending. If prosperity continues during the next year, the country will have had the longest period of good business which it has experienced for a quarter-century or more. The prestige of the administration will be high, and there will be little reason to expect a reaction against it.

There is, therefore, more than a little interest among the politically minded in the fears of a relapse, which are being expressed here and there by the business prophets. There was undoubtedly a minor slump last winter which, if it had continued, might have become serious. Though interrupted by a seasonal recovery in the spring, the downward tendency was resumed in the summer. The high marks of 1926, or even of 1925, have not been equalled in a number of respects. A continuance of falling prices has shaved the profit margins of smaller and less efficient concerns; bankruptcies have become unwontedly large, both in number and in total of liabilities. Automobile production is definitely smaller; steel tonnage is reduced; railway freight-car loadings are less, even if we allow for the effect of the coal strike; check payments at the banks are falling below the figures of last year, if we omit from consideration those attributable to the larger volume of speculation on the stock exchange and the high prices of shares. Improvement in the cotton textile industry is offset by the crisis of overproduction in oil. Building construction has at times risen above last year's peaks. But here an increase of public building and public utility work has temporarily made up for the decline in residential, commercial and industrial construction; there is doubt whether it can long continue to do so. Such considerations, in spite of easy money and an abundance of credit, give rise to the reflection that we may be on the brink of a genuine recession in industry and trade—though we are not, of course, in danger of anything like a financial panic.

It is not the present purpose to engage in the dangerous business of prophecy, but to ask whether, if those who expect a slump are right, the Democrats will really have a better chance in the next election. If prosperity nourishes Republicanism, will depression starve it? Here a little history is in order. Inspect any curve which is supposed to indicate general business conditions over a series of years, such as that of pig iron production. In the thirty-eight years since 1890, you will find ten troughs in the curve deep enough to be called depressions. You will find that eight of these depressions described a large part of their course within a year immediately preceding a presidential election. Six of these eight occurred during Republican administrations. And in four of the six, the Republicans were reëlected to succeed themselves. If one wanted to reduce this somewhat arbitrary series to a betting estimate, he would conclude that, in the event of a depression in 1927-28, the Democrats would have one chance out of three to be elected. About the most that can be said of this is, it is better than no chance at all. Whether the Democrats would have less chance without a Republican depression, no one can be sure.

Of course, such an over-simplification of political events is hardly to be relied upon. But a more detailed examination of the record offers even less hope of a political reversal resulting from depression. After a mild slump in 1891, Cleveland was elected to succeed the Republican Harrison, but no one believed that business conditions were the cause of the overturn. During the middle of this Cleveland administration, in 1893-4, one of the most severe disturbances of our business history occurred, accompanied by a panic in the money market.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Though there came a revival in 1895, production started to slip again in 1896, when McKinley was elected. It is difficult to know how much significance to attach to this sequence, in view of the fact that the Democrats were split by Bryan's free silver campaign. It is true that the Republican orators made much capital out of the depression. In 1900 a mild depression was followed by McKinley's reëlection. Roosevelt, acceding to the chair, was elected to succeed himself after a relatively severe slump in 1903-4. An even more disastrous drop came at the end of 1907 and lasted through most of the following year, yet the Republicans elected Taft. A mild depression in 1910 and 1911, well on the mend before November, 1912, was followed by the election of Wilson—but as a minority candidate against divided Republicans. We do not count the drop in 1914, since a clear and uninterrupted period of prosperity followed before Wilson's reëlection. The depression of 1920-21, while in retrospect it is seen to have been under way before the campaign of 1920, was not generally recognized until afterwards, when its most severe stages arrived; and on other accounts it can hardly be held responsible for the defeat of Cox by Harding. The mild depression of 1924 did not prevent Coolidge from being reëlected. His opposition was divided, to be sure, but, even so, he received a large majority. There is in this whole list, therefore, no clear case of either party losing to the other as a result of poor business, unless we go back to 1896 and attribute McKinley's victory to this factor.

Anyone who remembers the campaign of 1924 will see that a depression during a Republican administration, and just before the election, may be more useful to the ruling party than to its opponents. Through long association with business interests and through valiantly asserted claims, the ability of the Republicans to produce prosperity has become a virtually ineradicable superstition. If depression occurs under them, their enemies are said to be responsible. Last time the depression was attributed to La Follette's supposedly terrible threat to the courts, the railroads and big business in general. In previous times, responsibility for trouble has been fastened on the danger of Democratic tariff or monetary policies. And, since the uses of superstition are more emotional than logical, the acceptance of such arguments is made easy by the general feeling of uncertainty and fear which prevails when business is on the down grade. Trade falls off, profits shrink, debts pile up, slack time and unemployment haunt the workers. Fear makes people conservative and closes minds. Those who are afraid run for the cover of what they have been taught to believe safe and sound.

Must we conclude, then, that this is a permanently Republican country, because the Republicans can turn both prosperity and depression to their advantage? That does not necessarily follow. A depression long and severe enough under a Republican regime—such as that which occurred in Cleveland's second term—might shatter the superstition that there is some mystic connection between the elephant and good times. It might cause fear to give way to resentment and independence. This result has, indeed, been seen in the case of large groups of farmers whose chief troubles have not been a matter of temporary trade fluctuations. The fact that the farmers' revolt has not become so widespread and determined as to cause much real danger to the administration is attributable largely to the good fortune of occasional rises in crop prices caused by the vagaries of nature. But a long depression affecting many classes of persons might shatter Republican economic prestige.

That, however, is a desperate hope for those who are dissatisfied with the tendencies of Republicanism. Such a calamity is not to be welcomed, and, as far as one can see in the near future, seems unlikely to occur. But there is a possibility in the opposite direction. Suppose, through the advance of economic science and the improvement of business management, the ordinary fluctuations of industry should be brought sufficiently under control so that we no longer had much fear of severe reactions. Suppose that "prosperity," as it is now understood and measured, ceased, therefore, to be the chief concern of the voters, since they no longer entertained such a ready fear of its opposite. Attention could then be directed more successfully to other glaring flaws in the economic order, such as inequalities in the distribution of wealth, the unsatisfactory way of life of the routine machine operative, the disutility of much of our great volume of production, the waste of resources, natural and human. In short, enlightened criticism of the empire of business would have a chance to be heard and considered, since the guardians of business would no longer have the opportunity to say: Threaten us, and you will be ruined by our fall. As long as "prosperity" is the preoccupation of the electorate, the Republican party is likely to remain supreme.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1927, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN GILBERT SELDES
ELINOR WYLIE LEO WOLMAN LEWIS MUMFORD

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Thing

Reactions of a Realist

BUT the judge," said Edna St. Vincent Millay, "didn't seem to pay the slightest attention." The poet—in her single slight person somewhat more important to these United States than all the judges extant—had been arrested, with one hundred and fifty-three others, for "loitering and sauntering" in front of the State House. Arthur Garfield Hays, in a brief examination of Miss Millay and several others honored by the Boston police, "showed everybody in the courtroom that we were guilty of nothing," as the poet puts it and as a mere newspaper abstract of the proceedings seems to show quite clearly. Yet "the judge didn't seem to pay the slightest attention." Ah, Miss Millay! Your assumed naïveté doesn't deceive us. You, by the proof of your life and your work, are also a realist. You were not really amazed by the judge's attitude. But you have nailed the vulpine skin of the beast very neatly to the wall. And fixed it there with this big and glittering nail: "That must be the way Judge Thayer conducted the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti."

Yes. And that, it seems to one humble and troubled fellow realist, is the way a mysterious, fearful, loathsome Thing conducted the whole Sacco-Vanzetti Case: in court, in secret and whispered conference, in police-cowed streets and public squares. A Thing that emerged from the darkness. A Thing that must always have been there in the background, though, in these halcyon years, we had persuaded ourselves that it was a figment of our youth, of the days when we believed in giants. A Thing that came out of its caves and stood up suddenly in the day to show us, with the last degree of swagger, that it had interpreted the peace and good will of these years as meaning complete submission to itself. A Thing that, with incredulous eyes, we saw lay its hand calmly upon the hand of government and upon the hand of capital, and they supinely, or was it eagerly, did its bidding.

But let me sketch in a background. I am old enough to remember a different time. A time when radicalism was a force to be reckoned with in this land. Class consciousness was a concept that won its converts by the hundred thousand. The class struggle was breaking into the realm of reality. There was definite cleavage between Haves and Have-Nots, and capitalism was the enemy. Hands stretched across the growing gulf were struck down. The over-worked, the underpaid, the disinherited, were more numerous than they are today. Capitalism had yet to win many of those Pyrrhic victories from which it has been shrewd enough to learn the value of shorter hours, higher wages, better conditions and the consequent greater efficiency and increased purchasing power of the workers. I, personally, could never fit my mind into any of the radical theories. I am a realist. I poured a good deal of energy and earnestness into certain definite political battles; I learned a good deal about human nature, conservative and radical. But my conviction grew that capitalism was the only system that would work out—in the slow, agonizing way human affairs have of working out. A good Catholic, I believed that the spirit of Christ, seeping through society as the gentle rain seeps through the decillion pores of earth, was the most salutary force of all. And so these years have seemed good; these years of mass-production, employees' councils, labor banks, greater purchasing power, own-your-own-home, Fords, electric washing-machines; these years when capital and labor have actually clasped hands, and government has seemed a benevolent father, loving all his children—except when they tasted the forbidden grape or malt.

But now—suddenly—needlessly—oh, so damnably needlessly!—the sunlight has been charged with shadow. The swelling harmony has been shattered. Class consciousness, class struggle, have been summoned from the tomb in which they were composing their reluctant limbs; infused with a new blood of rage; given the air of a new cause to breathe; resurrected by the Thing itself. Of course, the indignation and tears of those who really interested themselves in the fate of two bewildered Italians is not mistaken by the realist for any deep surge from the great American masses. Prosperity is still the dominant factor. Good times, good Republicans and Democrats; bad times, bad radicals. But suppose they are right who hold that the abundance of money, on which our Wall Street Bull now grows so great, is the result of languishing industry. Close ahead, then, must lie unemployment, closing factories, sharply clipped purchasing power, defaulted instalment payments, fewer Fords and washing-machines, want and pinching in little homes, resentment and slow thoughts and anger. If these things come, what seeds the Thing has sown before it! What leaders it has raised up, men and women of brains and courage, who might have been content with writing poetry and other such occupations harmless to government and capital and the Thing!

I am one of those who, hearing dimly of Sacco and Vanzetti from those who believed them innocent, believed the same. Now—that great servant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of mankind, electricity, having efficiently separated the souls from the bodies of Sacco and Vanzetti—I do not know. But a conviction grows. The facts, which a realist respects above everything in the world, were denied us. And the servants of the Thing have done everything humanly possible to convince me that a nameless crime has been committed. I believe in old-fashioned New Englanders. I believed in President Lowell and Judge Grant. I was impressed by the *prima facie* case they made out. Yet, far from convincing me of the prisoner's guilt, they implanted a belief in their innocence which grows with every moment and every thought. For, after all, their report is an unquestioning acceptance of every bit of testimony damaging to Sacco and Vanzetti, and a dismissal, as cavalier as the waving of a hand, of everything favorable to them. The thought creeps, like the chill of death creeping up the veins, that these men, even such as these, sought not justice but to obey the Thing. The thought becomes conviction as I read that, though Judge Thayer was guilty of bias, yet his conduct of the case must not be questioned. And conviction becomes disgust and anger and despair at the hasty, furtive dismissal of the thought that any light could be thrown upon the question by examining the files of that branch of the federal government so incomprehensibly known as the Department of Justice!

Oh, there are some things we can be sure of; there are some things I am surer of than of anything in years. Sure that these men were persecuted as well as prosecuted; hounded because they were radicals, because they stood outside the great national religion of their day, whose god was Mars. Sure that they got what is called on my native sidewalks of New York a dirty deal, from the Hon. Webster Thayer. Sure that any verdict subsequently traversed by so much new testimony cries aloud for a new trial. Sure that keeping the case so doggedly in the hands of the same Webster Thayer was a bit of cynicism damning in its implication; sure that to send the case once more, in those final agonizing days, back to the same Webster Thayer—to ask and direct and permit him to pass on the question of his own bias—was not only a cynicism hard to match in the annals of whatever corrupt and tyrannical era one may choose for comparison, but was also a challenge which, to me at least, was as stinging and sharp as a blow across the face. A challenge by the Thing to every humane and intelligent human being in the aware and civilized world.

This is the aspect of the matter that has got to my blood and soul, and has bred in me feelings and rages strange to my status as a white, native-born American, loving the Stars and Stripes, fond of singing all four stanzas of "The Star-Spangled Banner," religious, a good husband and father, kind to old people, children and dumb animals. Let me try to adumbrate the incredible moving-picture of the last three weeks of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. So plain was the evidence of Webster Thayer's bias, so many were the circumstances calling for review, so numerous were the good folk convinced of these men's innocence, that it seemed a matter of course that the case would be thrown open for a full and searching review. Nothing else seemed conceivable in this calm, prosperous good-will era of normalcy. Then from somewhere rose a Thing that said—"No!" Reason came with calm countenance to Massachusetts, and pleaded. The Thing said, "No!" Lawyers took steps, drew up documents, cited precedents, did the hundred ingenious things for which the law seems to exist; no one aware of what kind of world we live in could doubt that, if the men at bar had been rich men, perhaps the embezzlers of a juicy, oily slice of the public domain, or perhaps public officials high in the councils of the ruling party, some of these legal motions would have succeeded; but here the Thing said, "No!"

Now, from all over the world, rose a prayer. Statesmen in distant, civilized, friendly lands, cabled the plea for justice. The scholars, the authors, the poets of the world, turned to Massachusetts, pleading. The prayers of millions winged their way from all ends of the world to the golden dome above the Common, with the imprecations of millions growling an ominous undertone. The Thing said, "No!" The newspaper press of the world, conservative as well as radical, pleaded and admonished. The Thing said, "No!" With one accord, those men and women of our land known here and to the world for their leadership in education, in works of mercy; known for their labors in weeding the sociological pasture; men and women gray with good works; men and women by whom our civilization is judged rather than by obscure judges and automobile salesmen turned governors; these pleaded. People of wealth and culture, people of race and ancestry, people whose forebears had signed the Declaration—these pleaded. But the Thing, the Thing said, "No!" Then came the warnings. Here a consulate was bombed, there an American business establishment was wrecked, everywhere men gathered in myriads breathing indignation, hatred, warning, violence. And what did the Thing do? It called out the police. It drew its billies. It oiled its automatics and its riot guns. It doubled the provocation of its armed forces. It swaggered in blue and khaki. It issued invitation to trouble. It sneered at an emotion, an emotion of mercy that moved millions of breasts. To the anger of the anguished and less temperate masses it reacted as to a challenge long desired. It gave every evidence of greeting with glee the opportunity to break heads and fill jails and make further mock of the Bill of Rights. It didn't wait for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trouble, it invited it. Permits for meetings were arbitrarily denied. Such meetings as were permitted were surrounded with every possible goad and irritation, and, at opportune moments, gratuitously broken up with exultant brutality. Police chiefs busier than field marshals. Police captains prancing around on horses eager for the moment when their ears could drink the sweet music of nightsticks cracking human skulls. Gendarmes charging like *poilus* at the Marne. All over the world, the Thing mustered its forces with truculent alacrity.

With all the power of a reasonable mind I have always deprecated anarchism, violent or philosophical. But, in the glare of that unseen electric flash that killed Sacco and Vanzetti while all the best intellects and best hearts of the world pleaded merely, "Let us examine all the facts again," I cannot always clearly see the difference between anarchism and the strange and bitter thoughts that pace the reluctant corridors of my mind. As I examine myself I find an unfamiliar being, all one glow of hard, relentless anger. I find I am saying to the Thing: "You will ignore us, will you? You will give a sneer and a swagger of police-force as your only answer to this prayer that went up, unprecedented in the history of the world—will you?" It is inadmissible that after all this deep upsurge of world-wide feeling, after all the agonized effort of those incredible three weeks, possibly, after the ashes of Sacco and Vanzetti have rested quietly awhile, the whole thing should be forgotten, while the Thing will leer and grin and say: *Well, I did it, didn't I—I did it and got away with it—and what the hell are you going to do about it?* . . . I feel, I suppose, like a patriot; or like a feudist of the mountains. I feel it is the most important thing in the world that THE THING shall not get away with it. I am not moved closer to radicalism nor to anarchism. But, for the sake of the ordered and peaceful world, for the sake of well disposed and decent people, it is grimly imperative that this unspeakable insult that has been put upon the heart and conscience of the world shall not go unavenged.

I want to believe again in governors and judges, in states and the nation and democracy, and in the police who risk their lives to save us from thugs, and who help little children at street-crossings. It is sweet to remember that a governor of Indiana, who lamented that his state was stained by the residence of 'Gene Debs, landed in prison as a victimizer of widows and children. Justice does not often turn so pretty a gesture. It is for the intelligence and decency of America to vindicate Justice in the only effective way. And that way is to drag to light inexorably every fact. That way is to see to it that every responsible judge and governor and college president and secret operative goes to his peaceful grave seared with a verdict of guilt and contempt more searing than the electric agony that followed the throwing of a switch in the dark first moment of August 23, 1927. That way is to uncover those who, moving behind the veil, are the Thing that was obeyed by governors and judges and police chiefs—ah, yes, and by college presidents.

And these are the thoughts that the Thing has given a peaceful Christian man of good will, an American scrupulous in every duty of citizenship. Let the Thing look to it.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

The Future of the Chinese Revolution

THE resignation of Chiang Kai-shek as head of the opposition government of Nanking changes the whole outlook of the Chinese Nationalist revolution. When Chiang broke with the Hankow regime last April, it seemed that the Nationalist movement was doomed to follow the course of the republican revolution of 1911, with Chiang Kai-shek as the strong man instead of Yuan Shih-kai. Friends of the new China concluded that they had overestimated the power and intelligence of the Nationalist movement. Perhaps, they reasoned, the conservatives are partly right and China is not ready for anything except military dictatorships.

Now that the Nationalist movement has thrown off its own dictator there is new hope for the accomplishment of its original program. Certainly there are new facts available to answer the important questions concerning the future of the Chinese revolution: What are the prospects of a reunited Nationalist movement? What is the future of communism in China, of imperialism and the concessions, of the peasant and labor unions? Political prophecy in relation to Chinese affairs is a hazardous undertaking, but it is possible to predict the drift of certain main currents.

The Salvation Army doctrine that a man may be down but never out is applicable to all the Chinese militarists. In spite of the fact that the names and labels of the militarists change with bewilder-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing rapidity, they are the most permanent fact in Chinese politics. The program of every civil government in China is always conditioned on this annoying IF—if there is not a *coup d'état*. If some new militarist does not arise to capture the Nationalist movement, it now has a political future. Chiang Kai-shek's resignation is a first-rate blessing, because it has made possible the reunion of the Hankow and Nanking Nationalists.

There will be only one Nationalist movement in China and its capital will be Nanking. This should not be interpreted as a surrender of the Hankow forces to Nanking, because the Kuomintang had decided to move its government to Nanking before the split with Chiang Kai-shek. In the new government it is more than likely that the Hankow leaders will predominate. The reunion approximates a triumph for the left wing faction of the party, but for the sake of coöperation that triumph will probably not be emphasized. The united government will need all its forces to resist the advance of Northern troops under Sun Chuan-fang upon Nanking, Shanghai and other Yangtze ports. The Southern forces may be pushed back temporarily, but the reorganized armies can undoubtedly regain most of the lost territory.

The official passing of Communism from the Kuomintang is quite as important a step as the passing of Chiang Kai-shek. The Communist party of China parted company with the Hankow government on July 14, on the ground that the Kuomintang was becoming counter-revolutionary. The Communist party members have not been officially expelled from the Kuomintang as yet, but they have been removed from all minor as well as major offices. In a statement on July 20, the Hankow Kuomintang announced that members of the Chinese Communist party had been caught passing a secret resolution calling for a general seizure of the land. Once more the Communists find themselves on the outside of a movement, boring in.

It is difficult to discuss the future of Communism in the Chinese revolution without giving too much or too little credit to Communist support. Most foreigners in China credit the Communists with almost everything that is brutal and effective in the Chinese revolution. Chiang Kai-shek added to this popular illusion by his anti-Communist campaign against the Hankow regime. When I interviewed him in Nanking on July 19, I asked him for his own explanation of the split between Nanking and Hankow.

"That is simple," he replied, "they are Communists, we are Nationalists."

His analysis was three-fourths false. The Communists were powerful for a time at Hankow, but they never persuaded the Kuomintang to adopt a general Communist policy. The government there never stood for a general seizure of the land or for the socializing of the factories. After the first wave of guerrilla warfare incident to the conquest of new territory, the Hankow leaders settled down to ordinary collective bargaining in the labor unions and a relatively mild policy in the peasants' unions.

In spite of Russia's very valuable contributions to the Chinese revolution, it seems likely that the importance of the Communists in China will rapidly decline. They have proved expert in propaganda technique, in the creation of mass discontent and in anti-imperialist agitation, but in the construction of a peace-time government which compromises with both capitalism and imperialism they seem to have no place. They come into China so heavily laden with Russian formulas that they cannot cooperate with the Kuomintang permanently, as is evidenced by the recent bitter attacks of the Third International upon the ruling committees of the Kuomintang. Since they are fundamentalists in political thought, reporting to their mission board in Moscow, they are not at liberty to practise that scientific opportunism, free from all doctrinal presuppositions, which China so badly needs.

The Chinese have wisely borrowed from the Russians the idea of a party dictatorship as an alternative to personal military dictatorship. They want democracy ultimately in their political structure, but they have no illusions about the possibility of western democracy in a nation which has at least 350,000,000 illiterates. Russia has also given to the Chinese a zeal for a revolution coming from the masses of the people with a definite economic program for the improvement of the workers and peasants. But, at this point, the Chinese and the Russian revolutions part company. China insists on finishing off her revolution in her own way. She has few large landlords and a very small city proletariat. Handicraft industry still predominates throughout the interior and the dividing line between capitalist and worker is not clearly drawn. The Kuomintang can scarcely become a class party in the sense that the Communist party of Russia is a class party.

The social revolutionary program of the Kuomintang will be expressed through the peasants' unions and the labor unions. Of these the most important are the peasants' unions, because about three-fourths of the Chinese people belong to the peasant class.

The unions of revolutionary peasants have been a vital factor in the Chinese revolution since 1923, when they were first organized in Canton province. They reached their peak of power last summer when leaders of the Peasants' Union of Hupeh claimed that they had 3,000,000 members in that province alone and 10,000,000 in all China. (There is no way of checking these figures because the peasants are not compelled to pay dues to their unions.) The unions aim to fight against all the abuses of the Chinese village that make it hard for the poorer peasants to survive. Unlike the Russian peasants, however, they are not opposed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a large landed aristocracy, but by a combination of small land-owners, militarists and bandits, who have gradually saddled upon the Chinese villages peculiar customs of usury and oppression. The situation is greatly confused because many of the peasants are both landlords and tenants. In Hupeh province, for example, the Peasants' Union estimates that 40 percent of the peasants are tenants pure and simple, and 20 percent own half their land and rent half of it. Twenty-five percent own all their land, but their estates are usually so small that an American farmer would consider himself a beggar if he had to earn a living from them. A recent survey of a village in Chihli revealed the fact that most of the peasants operated farms of three to five acres and only 10 percent of the landlords had more than seventeen acres.

The worst abuses of the Chinese villages have been the charging of excessive interest rates for loans to peasants during the famine periods, and the very high rent. In addition there have been many petty official abuses. Borodin gave me two illustrations of such abuses. A peasant of the gentry class in Shantung had a book in his possession in which all the sales of land in the village had been recorded for many generations. He extracted a heavy percentage on each sale of land and refused to part with the book for less than $10,000. Another peasant in a village in South China had a seal inherited from his ancestors of the Ming dynasty and gained his living from the established practice that all documents of the village should be stamped with that seal. Rent rates on land and interest rates are appallingly high, money being charged for at the rate of 10 percent to 700 percent a month and tenants being required to pay 50 percent to 70 percent of the value of their crops for use of the land.

The Kuomintang proposes to work through the peasant unions to reduce rent 25 percent throughout the territory controlled by its government, to set a maximum interest rate for private loans of 20 percent and to establish land banks from which the farmers can borrow money at 5 percent. The instrument for this reform is the Peasants' Union, which, under the Kuomintang scheme of organization, includes not only farm laborers and tenants but landlords, village merchants and handicraft workers. The Peasants' Union, therefore, should not be thought of as purely a class organization, but rather a semi-political organization of the whole village under the Kuomintang with certain governmental powers.

Unfortunately, thus far in the Chinese revolution the peasant unions have met with disastrous defeats. In Hunan, the peasant organizations fell into the hands of bandits and incompetents and overstepped their program, with the result that they were suppressed by soldiers of the Nationalist armies. Their revival, however, is part of the Nationalist program, and, with village schools under their auspices, the Kuomintang may yet succeed in making the peasants carry out a constructive program on the land. The Hupeh Peasants' Union claimed in July that it had already established 10,000 village schools in Hupeh province alone for the education of the peasants in agriculture and elementary social science.

The labor unions have made great strides toward a permanent place in Chinese life since the general strike of 1925, and the reunion of Nationalist factions will give them a much brighter future. In the interior towns, and in non-industrial cities like Nanking, the unions will play an unimportant role for many years to come, but in Shanghai, Hankow and Canton they have an excellent chance of organizing nearly all the industrial workers. Before the break between Chiang Kai-shek and Hankow the All-China Labor Federation claimed three million members. Chiang greatly reduced the membership of the Federation by virtually abolishing the unions of Shanghai under the pretext of a campaign against communism, but he failed to suppress the spirit of rebellion in the ranks of the workers, and they won several strikes in spite of him.

During the last three months, the labor unions have moved steadily to the right in their policies. Most Communists have been eliminated from leadership, and apparently the revolutionary stage of armed picketing is over. In both Canton and Hankow the Nationalists learned that the arming of workers in industrial struggles was a dangerous expedient. Hankow disarmed its labor pickets in June and set to work upon the construction of arbitration machinery for collective bargaining in industrial disputes. All signs point to a trade-union development under the reorganized Nationalist government, not unlike the development of the more progressive unions of Europe and America. The Nationalists have pledged themselves to cooperate actively in labor organization and to promulgate a labor code.

How far toward Peking the Nationalists will go depends largely upon General Feng. This shining model of Christian fidelity is a shrewd judge of winners and a careful economist of gunpowder. He has professed the warmest friendship for all sections of the Nationalist movement without winning the complete confidence of anyone. "We welcome the support of General Feng," said an aide of Chiang Kai-shek to me in Nanking. "We welcome his aid with 90 percent enthusiasm and 10 percent watchfulness."

Feng's importance in the present situation lies not so much in the power of his armies as in the position which they occupy. He remains between the Northern and Southern armies in a position to cut the Northerners' lines of communication if they advance far to the South. The Nationalists cannot advance on Peking without his support and the Northerners cannot attack him directly without suf-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fering heavy losses. Feng is sufficiently shrewd to use the advantage of his position for all it is worth. The Northern forces under Generalissimo Chang Tso-lin are nominally unified, but the coöperating commanders cordially despise each other and will probably split apart at the first pretext. At the present writing, Sun Chuan-fang is making a drive on Shanghai and Nanking, which has all the appearance of a looting expedition endangering the whole Northern cause.

The Nationalist campaign against foreign concessions and foreign control of the tariff goes on with unabated fury. Great Britain and Japan receive the lion's share of Chinese hatred, while American participation in the Shanghai settlement is almost ignored. Great Britain, while making irritating military flourishes for the sake of her pugilistic nationals in China, is actually beating a territorial retreat. With her concessions on the Yangtze gone and an agreement under discussion for the rendition of the concession in Tientsin, it may be that British territory in China will soon be confined to Hong Kong and the British share in Shanghai. British "old China hands" fume and fret and complain against the "weakness" of their government almost as bitterly as they denounce the "parasitic policy" of the United States.

Japan, having no powerful Labor party to soften the chauvinism of Premier Tanaka, has recently entered the Chinese struggle in a way that is ominous for future peace. Her distribution of troops in Shantung was tantamount to supporting the Northern forces, and aroused the greatest bitterness in China. Japan is obviously afraid of the Nationalist threat against her power in Manchuria and is accordingly supporting Chang Tso-lin's bizarre collection of bandits, adventurers and reactionaries. It will take the most adroit diplomacy to avoid a war between China and Japan if the reorganized Nationalists should become powerful enough to capture the North.

PAUL BLANSHARD.

Salt Lake City

From Brigham Young to Babbitt

THIS is the place, drive on."

Brigham Young viewed for the first time the valley of Great Salt Lake; the gray and sun-baked desert, the rugged, treeless mountains, the lake shimmering like burnished silver. At the base of the distant mountain the lake blended into a haze of color: blue, purple and violet. Save for the threads of green where the streams flowed, the picture was devoid of life. Crossing the plains and mountains, the Mormons had heard, from the traders and scouts they met, of this great inland sea. No living thing could exist there, they were told—which only whetted their interest. And this was the place. They stood with their prophet surveying the scene. They heard him speak as an oracle. They believed.

The wagon train circled for its final camp and Brigham Young called his party into solemn session. Here they would build a city of refuge for the chosen of all nations. In the chambers of these mountains God would hide his people and make them mighty. He thrust his staff into the ground where he stood. On this spot they would rear a temple to their God, and Zion would spring up around it.

Every man would have his acre in the city and his fifteen acres in the country. There would be land for all and every man would work, and no man acquire wealth through his brother's loss. The city was divided into blocks of ten acres each, which were again divided into eight lots, distributed, one to the family. And "it was further moved and carried that each street be laid out eight rods wide, and that there be a sidewalk on each side, twenty feet wide, and that each house be built in the center of the lot twenty feet from the front, that there might be uniformity throughout the city." Even before a tent had been pitched they began to plan and officer their municipal theocracy. In gilded vision they peopled the plain, and the grassless desert teemed with life. The city unfolded in a gridiron of spacious blocks and broad, straight streets. So "Brother Brigham" dreamed on July 24, 1847, when, with so many willing hands to fulfill his prophecies, dreaming was a reasonably safe matter. Salt Lake was soon under way: a city of love and coöperation, a democratic and worshipful city, hopeful and happy in the thought of a self-sustained isolation.

Then the Gentiles began to come. Salt Lake became a way station for the gold seekers to California, as it is now the way station for all pleasure seekers on their way to most of the national parks, or for the hoboes who stop to eat on their way east or west, and by whom it has been christened "the queen city of the milk and honey route." It is the one oasis in a five-hundred-mile circle of desert, and, therefore, the market town for widely scattered ranches and mines. The Gentiles have marred the vision of the pioneers; yet Salt Lake has carried on, much according to the pattern of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the initial plan. Contemporary Salt Lake, eager and impatient for the standardized urbanity of American cities, is by no means proud of its simple beginnings. Yet the past, hanging like a cloud over the present, cannot be blotted out.

The Mormons came for isolation; the Gentiles followed for trade. The Mormons turned to the land; the Gentiles to mining, industry and commerce. Brigham Young preached isolation and agriculture, and if his followers turned aside, it was only to develop their own coöperative woolen or cotton mills, smelters, sawmills, or their own stores, banks and newspapers. Two economic and social orders grew side by side, and out of them emerged political divisions along religious lines. This continued until a decade or two ago, when a new generation of business leaders and politicians took the helm. On the left, the "Sagebrush Democracy" now claims the refractory citizenry of all groups, while on the right, by the grace of high churchmen and moneyed Gentiles, Republicanism sits enthroned. Rotary and Kiwanis did no small part in breaking down the old antipathies. Once they began eating together, wearing paper hats and singing the same booster songs, the opposing sides forgot to hate.

Salt Lake: half Mormon, half jack-Mormon and Gentile, is a city of two selves, a double personality: one loyal to the ideals of the pioneers, the other scorning or blushing for the past. The first is Mormon, introverted, defensive, rural-minded, loving the soil and simple living. The other is non-Mormon in spirit, aggressive, urban-minded and sophisticated. The first, devoutly religious, accepts the world only on its own terms, while the other bids for recognition on any terms. The religious grouping, with the Church as its center, came early on the scene and began building the city around the Temple. The other centers in the Chamber of Commerce and radiates from the business section. The one is a missionary type, still sending hundreds of elders out into the world to cry repentance and to gather the elect to Zion; the other is a business man spending lavishly to advertise his city, to boom things, to "Keep 'Em Coming." He whoops up Salt Lake in the local business magazines and calls for "More People, More Industries, More Money." The spirit of the older Salt Lake, the pioneer self, is gradually stepping aside. Like a retired gentleman, it makes way for the new spirit of commercialism.

Salt Lake today creates little, but it imitates much. It has produced little worth seeing and nothing worth remembering, unless one so interprets its ruthless attacks on the old landmarks. The structures on the Temple Block, the Temple and the Tabernacle, are still intact, as are most of the landmarks on the block east of the Temple which once belonged to Brigham Young. Across the street from the Lion House, in which several of his less favored wives were packed under a single roof, stood the Amelia Palace. In his later years, Brigham Young built this lordly palace for a favorite wife. For many years it was an art museum, but recently, in keeping with the changed spirit of the city, it has been replaced by a bank. Commercialism also destroyed the old Social Hall, one of the first little theaters in the United States, and a pet stronghold for amateur music and dramatics of the pioneers. But it was not a paying proposition; so it was razed, and the site waits for someone to erect an apartment building, one of those monstrous space economies of the modern city. Even among the home-loving Mormons they are coming into vogue. There is fear that the Salt Lake Theater will be the next landmark to fall before advancing land values.

The Salt Lake Theater is reputed to be the first of its class west of the Mississippi. In 1857, the government sent an army against the Mormons to put down what the outraged East called a "rebellion." The people fled to the mountains, but not until they had exhausted all other bloodless strategy; and the army marched into an abandoned city. Three years later, however, the Mormons offered to aid the Union against the South, but their help was rejected and they returned to four years of peace. The Theater is witness to what they choose to do when left alone. At that time it could seat more than half the city's adult population. Today it wouldn't hold a twentieth of it, yet, even so, one often sees vacant seats for the best plays that come to town. But the several movie and "vodie" houses are always filled.

Architecturally, the old theater is staid simplicity itself, unadorned, with faded plaster walls, box-gable roof, and wide steps spread leisurely the full width of its front. On balmy evenings, these steps are a favorite meeting place for the men, not the bloods and fashion plates, but the older fellows, who wander downtown to smoke, to see the baseball scores and to chat. Gathering here in a genial atmosphere for basking is one of the village habits that the city has not been able to live down. All in all, it is not a sight that pleases the up-and-coming business man, who would like to see a smarter building on the site: a modern, sparkling theater, or, better still, an office building.

Social life in Salt Lake, once the chief charm of the old order, is losing much with the invasion of commercialized recreation and canned amusement. That is the story in other cities as well, but the contrast is greater here, where play was taken as religiously as the Puritans took work. The pioneers danced with gusto, danced in their churches, opened and closed their dances with prayers, even danced to some of their hymn tunes. All ages danced and mingled, but the movie and the public dance have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

left the small community social centers all but stranded. Community singing, once equally popular, is holding out better; there are a number of choral societies, ranging from a hundred to five hundred voices, a symphony orchestra, and every summer a community civic opera is given, drawing amateur talent from all the city. These outdoor performances are witnessed by audiences of from 16,000 to 20,000. Music is appreciated, and while they don't come out in force for a play, they frequently fill the 10,000 seats in the Tabernacle when visiting celebrities give concerts. Yet Salt Lake, for all its average talent, boasts no great musicians. A criticism often made is that the city has produced no great art. Nothing exists but mediocrity in all types of artistic creation. It is true; just as true of Salt Lake as of Fort Worth or Omaha or Giles Center. If there are artists, they go, like the newspaper men, to Chicago and New York.

By whatever standards education be rated, Salt Lake holds a premier place. Literacy is high. More than 80 percent of the white population between seven and twenty years is in school, in which regard Salt Lake leads all other cities of over a hundred thousand. The faith in education is sublime. And yet the achievement is in having mere numbers regimented together, slavishly aping the standardized patterns of larger cities. Except as community music is stressed, Salt Lake schools have little to distinguish them, and that applies to higher education as well. Salt Lake has several denominational colleges, all eying each other carefully, all goose-stepping. One claims the distinction of being "the only Christian college in the inter-mountain region." That is probably a compliment to the University of Utah, which is looked upon as educational headquarters of the inter-mountain region. As state universities go, it is only average, yet it is one of the most potent institutions in the city for allaying bigotry and breaking down religious prejudice. It dates back to 1850, and for years was known as the University of Deseret, a name still beloved of the Mormons. It was the name they chose for their state, but Congress in its wisdom (or humor) called the new territory after what was reputed to be a tribe of snake-eating Indians.

Most of the major creeds are still interested in saving the Mormons, or suppressing the Church, and Salt Lake is the port of entry for many missionary movements. The lay public elsewhere can still be induced to contribute to this good work. It is a fair guess that as much money is spent to evangelize the Saints as the Saints spend to evangelize the world. It is a case of preachers trying to save Mormons, who are all preachers, and not many conversions are made. Stories still circulate that Salt Lake is a hot-bed of polygamy, that thousands of girls are brought in every year to Utah harems, and that most of them are cleverly done away with by the bearded patriarchs. Outsiders, not being permitted to enter the temples, are led to suspect, and even affirm, that something insidious is afoot; that the temples are either piled with human bones or stored with ammunition against the forthcoming Mormon uprising. Well meaning D. D.'s actually believe this stuff and preach it to their credulous flocks. Sensing this, Salt Lakers of all brands have gone on the defensive: explaining, protesting, comparing, ingratiating themselves. Not having offended, they yet display a consciousness of guilt. They follow you around, declaring their virtues with the same earnest zeal with which Californians try to impress you with their climate.

This may explain why Salt Lake, while it is the most visited, is the least enjoyed of cities catering to the tourist trade. They tip-toe in as though to the scene of a tragedy, ask naïve questions, look and listen for something to confirm their suspicions and steal away to rail or to praise. Sometimes they are bewildered by the contradictions between the old and the new, and the brooding resignation that greets them in certain quarters. Tourists who possess Denver and deluge Los Angeles remain only guests here, suffering themselves to be led around, talked to, loaded with tracts and fed with organ music at the Tabernacle, a dome of a building with almost perfect acoustics. Of all the visitors, the hobo with time to linger enjoys Salt Lake most. There are not many cities where they get "sit downs" in the first-class homes. Lucky is the hobo who can pick the Mormon homes of the old order, where they remember still that the Saints, too, were once outcasts.

In justice it should be said that the Church in Salt Lake is reasonably neutral in politics. In 1916, Salt Lake taking the lead, Mormon Utah elected a Jew as Governor. It is said that the Mormon capital enjoys more so-called democracy than formerly. But there is also more politics. The ward or district boss is there, and will probably remain. It is, after all, but a matter of opinion whether he is more or less of a menace than the earlier paternalistic churchman. At least, the Mormon oligarchy instilled individual responsibility in the citizens, where urban democracy releases them. The robust and practical democrat, "Brother Brigham," would certainly turn in his grave if he could see how his followers in authority are beginning to get the popular stride, both in politics and in big business.

On the lower levels, Salt Lake's social life is not unique. In spite of the admonitions of the Church, there is frequent crossing of the line in matrimony. In the upper strata, however, there is little mixing. A number of self-conscious Gentile cliques exist, while in the upper Mormon circles there are the definite beginnings of an ecclesiastical aristocracy. Families that have been in power since the beginning remain in power, and few new names are ever added to the roster of church control. From the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first parceling of the land, the property of some families has been at the heart of the city, so, with the passing of time, rich blessings have been poured upon their heads. Living as they do in ease and comfort, in the security of the charmed circle, some are being afflicted with dry rot. Others, for all their professed idealism, have lost the simplicity of the pioneers. Church leadership is still with them, but they have lost touch with the simple and sturdy lay members. Their palatial homes line the shaded streets to the east of the Temple where Salt Lake nestles against the barren foothills of the Wasatch, and there they live in an exclusive atmosphere, as remote from their followers as royalty is from the life of the peasant.

Salt Lake has never experienced a boom. Since 1900 the increase in population has been less than three thousand a year, which is exasperating to the Salt Laker with the chamber-of-commerce mind. He looks over his city of fewer than ten square miles: lines of trees, lawns, spotless homes, with church spires here and there, and he yearns for a skyline of tall buildings and belching smokestacks to round out the picture. Instead of 118,110 population (1920) he wants a half-million, and would do anything to get it, even at the expense of slums and a housing problem, of delinquency and family disorganization, and all those concomitants of urbanism found on "the wrong side of the railroad track." He advertises for "More People, More Industries, More Money," shouting that Salt Lake has a contented American population and a low wage scale. The industrial population, the squalor and the unrest are found in the smelter towns and mining camps, from fifteen to a hundred miles away. Hundreds of working men in these places are proud to have their families live in Salt Lake, where, although home ownership is low (44 per cent), single house occupancy is high. Many of these working men ride out daily to their jobs, out where the smoke cannot reach the city. They are the commuters. Make Salt Lake an industrial city and they are the ones who would live in the shadow of the belching smoke stacks.

Not many miles distant are immense deposits of coal and untouched mountains of iron ore, yet they give Salt Lake no immediate promise of an industrial future. The desert is to blame. It was the strength of the pioneers, but is a handicap now, extending from three to five hundred miles in all directions. Here and there are little valleys which, through the grace of irrigation, support small colonies; but in all the rest of this great expanse scarcely a million people reside. No city can thrive without a populous and productive hinterland. There are parks and preserves, attracting the tourist trade, but tillable soil is what is needed. There are millions of acres of fertile soil, and accessible, but water is lacking. Salt Lake's rainfall is less than fifteen inches a year. If either the Church or the Chamber could add a yearly increase of ten inches, prosperity would be insured and the population of the Empire City of the Great Basin would increase beyond control. Another way out would be to move the nation's center of population a thousand miles to the west; and, of course, this also waits on the rainfall.

The spirit of contemporary Salt Lake and its pursuit of worldly things is well symbolized by the Brigham Young monument at South Temple and Main Streets, where business and residence sections meet. "Brother Brigham" would never have selected such a memorial, or, at least, he would not have taken such a position. They have elevated him upon a high pedestal, and there he stands in a grand dramatic pose with his back toward the Temple, facing down Main Street with his hand outstretched in the direction of the Chamber of Commerce.

NELS ANDERSON.

(This is the fourth of a series of articles in which various writers will describe interesting American cities. The fifth will appear in the near future.)

The Decline of Wamblee Tokahu

ELMER DURKIN, the eminent newsdealer, had a happy thought and, with that open-mouthed generosity for which he was famous, he hastened to share it with his friend, Chester A. Donner, who now entered the shop. The druggist noted that the recent news from the Black Hills had been good for Elmer. The marks of suffering had departed from that moonlike face and the eyes had recovered their old sparkle. Elmer was himself again.

"Those twelve words, Chet—they remind me of the twelve apostles. Eleven of them are all jake but one listens kind of phony."

"Choose," said the reliable druggist.

"That's the catch. Does he mean, 'I drop,' 'I pass,' or 'I'll play these'?"

"Ask me another," said Mr. Donner.

"To a kibitzer like me, the answer is he'll stick out this round and then go home and hit the feathers. I claim that's as plain as the nose on his face, which is quite some plain, but a lot of goofers let on he can alibi himself back in any time. They say he's left the door open so he can feel a draft. Don't fall for that line, Chet. Those birds smacked down their meal tickets on Calvin and now he's scratched. They've got a panic they'll have their eating license revoked.

"I'll say it's a tough break for the boys in the banana oil trade. Those ink-hounds had him dolled

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up with haloes and horseshoes and all set for a non-stop hop. Now the life of the party has gone blah and they're all dressed up with no place to go. The agonies of these Calpapers would crack the hard-boiledest heart. I haven't laughed so much since the White House spokesman croaked."

"What makes you think this is all on the level, Elmer?"

"It's a sad story." The news vendor straightened his face with a conscious effort. "Leave me give you a load of misery. The dirt is that Calvin has been skidding for quite a stretch. The election last year was as good as a sock in the jaw. It put the next Senate on the fritz, and C. C. never got so much comfort out of his Congresses as it was. Then he vetoed the McNary stuff just to show that his heart was in the wrong place and all you could hear out west was 'Those Old Cornbelt Blues.' Some of those dirt farmers got so gloomed up they threatened to take a shot of Lowden and end it all.

"Things were not so good and getting more so, so the help put their ivory together and said he must trek out west for the hot spell, way out in the bowl-and-pitcher league, out where the blues begin. If he'd get him a ten-gallon lid and a pair of fuzzy pants and make comic like a cowboy the hicks would eat it up. Was that good dope for what ailed Calvin? Oh, lady!"

Again Mr. Durkin brought his emotions under control.

"Course I always had a hunch that Cal was playing over his head, but he'd been getting the breaks so long he began to look like a permanent wave. But there was a jinx out there in them thar hills and everything went blooey. You'd think a statesman could stop stating a minute and go fishing without getting himself all damp, but the first day out he fed worms to the trout and fell into the comic strips. And then the wild west hooey! I hate to crab a guy trying to make good at a new trade, but the Buffalo Bill act was no less than a flop. The best he drew from the hand-picked critics was 'adequate' and the worst you'll never get from these pure lips. The more he tried to look like a cowboy, the more he looked like a Green Mountain boy.

"As a gold-miner he was a washout and he was not so hot as an Indian, either. Rosebud, the little Minnehaha who pinned feathers on him and nicknamed him Wamblee Tokahu, got a fat contract in the two-a-day, but Wamblee didn't even crash into the kerosene circuit. I hear they've got a roof garden now on the White House, but it's a pipe old Leading Eagle will never see his name in the mazdas.

"All this time the grumpy farmers were keeping cool towards Coolidge. Then Hank Ford up and swallowed all the snooty things he said about the Jews and Hearst began to cuddle up to him. Now old Moses came out of the bullrushes and made dirty cracks about parties that overstayed their welcome and acted like they didn't have any home of their own. Was the third term issue dead? Moses heard different; it wasn't even sick.

"I don't mean his nibs couldn't have snagged another cup of coffee if he'd made a bid, but the quitting was certainly good, and by that I mean good. That's how come he got so choosy all of a sudden and pulled the great decline and yanked his hat out of the ring.

"Well, it's all jake by me, Chet. I couldn't stand 520 weeks of one pan in the roto section if it was Helen of Troy's. Cal wouldn't look any spiffier in a ten-year term than he did in a ten-gallon lid.

"So now the red stop traffic light is doused and the other lads have a license to step on it and cruise around for customers. I bet I've gained five pounds since Wednesday week. Sh——"

Elmer thus reduced the noisy meeting to silence, for the opening door admitted Horace W. Witherspoon, attorney, banker and Republican Tsar of all the Woppingtons.

"Good evening, Judge," said Elmer. "I was just wising up Chester here that the President is a man of honor. He wouldn't try to slip anything over on us. He wouldn't take the nomination on a platinum platter. Is that straight?"

The great man was visibly embarrassed.

"There's no use discussing the matter with you, Elmer. You're prejudiced."

"That's what I'm everything else but," said the pleasure-loving news butcher. "I gave myself the once-over like Judge Thayer and I haven't got a bias to my name."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

IS IT possible to play this presidential political game and be absolutely honest? I do not mean merely to refrain from stealing and grafting. Most—not all, but most—of those who get mentioned, even semi-seriously, in connection with the nomination to this highest of all offices, are honest enough in that sense. Few of them would rob a bank or take a bribe. What I mean is, honest in the sense of not being a hypocrite and a humbug, in the sense of being truthful and open and frank, in the sense of refusing to pose and pretend, to employ either a kittenish coyness or plain deceit in the promotion of their candidacies. Of course, it is possible; but whether it would pay politically, I am by no means certain. In any event, no aspirant for the office in the past ten years whom I can now call to mind has tried it. The subconscious, though firmly established, belief in the higher political circles and the theory upon which presidential candidates in both parties uniformly appear to operate is that the common people, as a whole, are too soft in the head to stand the impact of hard, unpadded facts, and that the surest way to the popular heart is to present a nobility of soul and an unselfishness of purpose that are certainly not natural and ought not to be necessary.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take, for example, the whole Republican situation as it exists today. From start to finish, there is not an atom of openness about it, not a trace of candor. In the whole field, there is not a man who is being himself, not one who has not draped about himself a mantle of deceit in which he parades or allows himself to be paraded—it is the same thing—before the people. There is Mr. Coolidge, who, having reluctantly relinquished his third term hopes, because of the ugly nature of the fight he saw ahead, now holds the pose of having nobly shoved aside the crown, and, by voluntarily renouncing the nomination, taken his place alongside the Father of His Country. Nothing could be more ridiculous or untrue. The truth is that he gave up because he was frightened off by the exceedingly plain talk of the Springfield Republican, William Randolph Hearst and the outspoken George Moses; by the possibility that a particularly embarrassing anti-third-term resolution would be passed by Congress; by the fact that there would be real opposition in the convention, upon which the steamroller would have to be used openly; by the ludicrous failure of the Black Hills publicity campaign. Yet there is general political and journalistic coöperation to avoid mention of these things, and to attribute to this exceedingly practical little politician highly unselfish and patriotic motives wholly foreign to his nature.

The Coolidge withdrawal and consequent opening of the field discloses a fine array of Republican aspirants for his job, in a variety of poses no more natural than his. There is, for instance, the Hon. Frank O. Lowden, who, for public purposes, maintains an attitude of dignified aloofness, of seeming reluctance to engage again in the turmoil of political struggle, and confines his public pronouncements on the subject to the supposedly cryptic sentence, "I have never yet known a man to run away from the presidency." This is calculated to convey the impression that, while he is making no effort to land the nomination, and is not anxious to be a candidate, if, against his will, the Republican party should nominate him, he would accept. Of course, that is the bunk. Mr. Lowden wants to be President so badly he aches.

It is the same way with General Dawes. "I am not a candidate," says that modest and shrinking gentleman. Everybody with an ounce of political intelligence knows that Mr. Dawes' trouble is that he cannot be a candidate against Governor Lowden, that personally and politically they are tied together, that he will support Governor Lowden in the convention and that, if anything happens to prevent the Lowden nomination, Mr. Dawes expects to be the hottest sort of candidate, with Lowden's support. Mr. Dawes cares no more for the presidency than he does for his right eye.

And then, there is Mr. Hoover. Mr. Hoover has to pretend that he is deeply grieved over Mr. Coolidge's noble renunciation of his third-term prospects; that he regards the decision not to run again as a great national misfortune, that he hopes he can be induced to reconsider; that he believes it would be wise for the Republican party to renominate him anyhow; that he himself has no thought about the presidency, but is content to serve as a subordinate under such men as Harding and Coolidge without appreciation from either.

The truth about Mr. Hoover is that he is not at all grieved by the Coolidge decision, but at heart deeply gratified and relieved. The truth is that he by no means regards it as a national misfortune, but actually as a darned good thing. The further truth is that he has not been in the least happy as a subordinate under either Harding or Coolidge, but he has had a lot of moments when he felt that he was a fool to stay in the public service under such conditions, that he suffered intensely over having been a part of that exceedingly odoriferous Harding Cabinet, that he was deeply wounded over the way in which he was spoken of by Mr. Coolidge upon a certain occasion and has been grieved by certain exhibitions of small jealousy among his colleagues in the Cabinet. Moreover, so far from not having any thought of the presidency in mind, like Mr. Lowden, Mr. Hoover has had that thought very constantly in his mind ever since the 1920 Republican convention in Chicago, when he was an open and avowed candidate. No one near him has the slightest doubt about his candidacy. Yet he, like the rest, thinks it necessary to act and talk as if the question whether he can be nominated or not is one in which he is not at all vitally concerned, and as if the burdens of the presidency, which bore so heavily on Mr. Coolidge that he only gained twenty-five pounds in five years, appall him.

As I said a week or two ago, what the outcome of this Republican situation will be, no one is yet in a position to forecast with any degree of sureness. A great deal depends upon the attitude of the Mellon interests, which will control both the New York and Pennsylvania delegations. Certain New York leaders will not like that statement. It will be indignantly repudiated by some, but it is all true, all the same, and not at all difficult to prove if necessary. Actually, of course, Mr. Hoover is the strongest man the Republicans could nominate, would win by the largest majority. If they were not fairly sure of winning with anyone, they would be more apt to nominate Hoover, in spite of the intense dislike of certain party leaders for him. Hoover is, of course, the man best qualified to be President in the Republican party—or the other party too, for that matter—but he is certainly one rotten politician. He is, I think, in a fairly strong position at this time; but in all probability he will spoil his own chances before the fight ends by some absurd political break, wholly unnecessary and unnatural. Just a day or so ago, I saw in a despatch from one of the most eminent members of the Washington "corps of correspondents" a statement to the effect that the Hon. Will Hays, formerly of Indiana, and Chairman of the National Committee in the Harding campaign, was working in the interests of Hoover and would probably take charge of the Hoover campaign. It is, of course, none of my business, and now that Cal is out I have no second choice for the presidency, yet I cannot help giving to the Hoover outfit my unsought advice on this subject. It is simply this—let the movie Tsar alone. Keep away from him. Give him to the other fellow. He is a political false alarm. He always was.

Washington. T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cards and Faces

WHEN Morrison had been practising law for twenty-odd years, somehow or other, through one of those accidental doors that are suddenly found wide open, he got into politics, and stayed there. He might easily have spent the rest of his life as Lieutenant-Governor, or representing the third Congressional District, or sitting comfortably on the State Supreme bench, but Morrison was ambitious. He ran for the Senate. Nobody had the faintest notion he could be elected. His opponent loafed through the campaign, and Morrison won. He didn't speak well, and there was nothing to talk about, but he talked everywhere. He was always cold-bloodedly honest with himself—he knew he was just so-so as an orator, and he made up for it by covering ground. Only his secretary was allowed to see the little back room with a map of the state on the wall, stuck full of colored pins. A red pin meant that at such and such a place he had been very nicely received, a black pin meant hostility or visible dislike, and a white pin an atmosphere of harmless indifference somewhere in between. At the close of the campaign nearly all the pins were white.

In the Senate he did absolutely nothing but sit at his desk and vote. His colleagues noticed only that he was self-possessed and tore the envelope of every letter he received wide open to make sure there was nothing else inside. The pages liked him—in a few days he knew them all by name. Toward the end of his second year, he began to miss roll calls, seemed absent-minded and made frequent trips back home. For days after these trips, his secretary worked until nearly midnight.

Morrison spent the whole summer in his own town, working hard at something. The little pale secretary with the Phi Beta Kappa key looked more important and more sickly than ever. For relaxation Morrison seemed to be visiting or corresponding with all the photographers in the state who amounted to anything, and he also made friends with the very young men or the very old men who are put in charge of newspaper morgues. On the Fourth of July, on Labor Day and at a few local celebrations, the Senator made perfectly respectable little addresses which nobody chalked up to his credit or against him. The elections were still four years away.

But that summer, and the following winter in Washington, sound, worth-while men and women, the kind whose names periodically recur in local journals and whose broad, thoughtless faces are seen smiling from retouched photographs, began to be flattered, on trains, in waiting rooms, in cafeterias, University Clubs or elm-shaded streets, by the recognition of the Hon. Jno. Morrison. Suddenly, but not too suddenly, they would be stopped wherever they were, at whatever they were doing, by a discreetly outstretched hand and a dry, accurate voice saying, "I felt sure it was you, Mr. —, and I thought I must introduce myself while I had the chance. My name is Morrison and I am one of the Senators from this state." Then, after a few words which showed, without quite saying so, that the Senator knew exactly the accomplishments and the prominence of the citizen he had stopped, he would almost shyly take his leave.

Four years later, when I took charge of his reëlection campaign, Morrison covered the whole state like a thin fog: wherever you happened to be standing he didn't exist, but he was everywhere else. Nobody really knew him, but there were thousands of people who thought they did, and whose vanity, plus a little imagination, made over an artfully casual meeting into a long and intimate acquaintance. Yes, they knew what Morrison thought about this, they had heard him say what he was going to do about that, when as a matter of fact he was careful never to say much of anything, and never to talk very long to any one person. And for each of these there were dozens and hundreds who knew someone who knew someone else who had just been talking to Morrison and said that he was a "good man." And so he was, in his way: decent and respectable and inactive and completely colorless. He had one of those round elderly self-sufficient faces which would make you look at him, when in a group, last of all; a face which no cartoonist was ever able to caricature. He dressed to match the face, and talked so as to call attention neither to them nor to anything else.

He was not a glad-hander. The first days of our acquaintance, I didn't notice how he spoke to people, nor how he behaved when introduced, because the process was always so natural and easy. Then, when it dawned on me that he had more names and faces in his head, and kept them straighter, than any man I had ever seen in my life, I began to keep track. Morrison would rather stick a knife into a man than slap him on the back. There were very few whom he called by their first name, there were hardly any he did not call something. I never, then or later, saw him make a mistake. When he didn't know a man he would say so frankly, with an apologetic smile. I have come across other politicians with marvelous reputations for remembering names and faces, but, while they were extraordinary, there was also a great deal of bluffing, and too much show of Addison Sims' pride, when they did remember, in getting it all so straight. Morrison's memory was almost perfect, but the manner that went with it was so natural and easy that people thought, not of Morrison's memory or his manner, but of themselves.

The campaign was uninteresting. Morrison was going to win easily. There were no issues, there had been none since the "War." Tobacco was growing nicely. The weather was right; the favorites were running true to form; nobody had been lynched for months. Nothing to do but go about with Morrison and pay his printing bills and keep score of his memory. He never mentioned the subject or boasted about it to me, but behaved as if it were perfectly natural to remember faces. One day I grew tired of this silence and asked him point blank how many of the inhabitants of the state he knew by name and sight. Morrison wasn't at all embarrassed.

"Forty-five thousand, eight hundred and sixty," he answered, with an inquiring glance at the pale little secretary who nodded in confirmation.

This seemed to me a high figure, but as time went on I understood how it was possible. It was possible if you did practically nothing else. And Morrison spent most of his time keeping those forty-five thousand individuals straight in his mind's eye, adding every week a few hundred, subtracting every week the normal half-dozen of dead, who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were harder to remember than the living. I came to regard Morrison as a magnificent maniac. On the surface, he was an equable, reticent, mild little politician, but alone with the machinery of his satanic memory-system he was the ruthless rider of an obsession.

The machinery was bulky, complicated and expensive. He had conceived it four years earlier, and at once his sharp, narrow mind had closed on the idea like a trap, which nothing would ever release. As he sat in the Senate, it seemed to him that the most successful men were, on the whole, those that knew the most other men. It also occurred to him that no one had ever exploited this general truth to its fullest extent, and this he set out to do the very next day. After a number of cajoling visits to photographers and morgues, he soon had the beginning of his collection of forty-five thousand souls. Each soul was a rather stiff piece of paper, an index-filing card, five inches by eight. On one side was a photograph, or several photographs, and nothing else. On the other side was to be found the face's name, residence, business, and a few personal details, occasionally in the form of a local newspaper clipping. When the Senator moved from his home town to Washington, the collection went with him, and when the season was over the six large packing boxes went back home with him again.

He never left these cards for more than a few days. An operation for appendicitis, so the secretary told me, cost Morrison the loss of eleven hundred faces, and he had to go to Atlantic City in order to learn them all over again. The hardest time for him was speaking throughout the state. He didn't mind the bad food and the worse hotels; what irritated him was the certainty that a day in Franklin County was costing his memory the leakage of several dozen faces who lived in Ashland County. Of course, when he went to speak in Franklin, he took the Franklin cards with him—a stack which weighed perhaps eight or ten pounds. While he spoke, the secretary would go about quietly collecting some more photographs, made necessary by the regrettable ups and downs in social and business life, and whatever information he could get about them. If he could manage it, Morrison always passed the previous night in the town where he was scheduled to speak the next day. He would officially retire at ten, and spend the next three hours reviewing and rehearsing the faces he was likely to meet on the morrow. If the first turn of the cards showed few mistakes, or, as often happened, none at all, he and the secretary, now paler than ever, would rapidly skim over other towns. The hardest work I ever did as campaign manager was attending these midnight sessions in some dank small room with a Gideons' Bible and an inadequate view of the backside of a garage.

I remember particularly some of those August nights in little towns like Lucy, Cobmore or New Ulm. While Morrison rattled with the lock and key, the secretary and I stood waiting just behind him, very silent and a little hopeless, with handkerchiefs tucked in around our collars. Morrison switched on the light, pulled down the shade, closed the transom, took off his shirt, lit a cigar and put two chairs at a table, facing each other. I sat on the bed. Morrison dumped a dozen heavy packages tied with rubber bands beside me. These were the cards for all the districts we were to cover the next day. They were in alphabetical order—from Abrams to Zachary, I remember—and my job was to shuffle them all over the bed and destroy the alphabetical order. While I did so, the secretary submitted to Morrison photographs and life histories collected during the day, perhaps as many as fifty. Each photograph Morrison would scrutinize at arm's length for almost exactly half a minute, as judiciously and keenly as if it were a great work of art, while the photograph's qualifications and titles were recited to him. "Edwards, William P., prominent physician of Bagley. Unmarried. Very popular. Sees a lot of people every day. Collects specimens of moss." The secretary's listless voice droned through lawyers and Shriners and insurance agents and clubwomen and vestrymen. Once in a while Morrison would say "No" harshly, and then would be the sound of paper being torn up. If it wasn't immediately destroyed, it might somehow get into the files and make trouble. As I listened, a livery stable owner, a bishop, and two grain dealers were torn up, not for anything they had done or not done, but solely, as I by this time knew, because their faces resembled other faces too closely and would therefore be unreasonably hard to learn by heart.

"Not so many horn-rimmed spectacles next time," Morrison said at last; "They are confusing." I knew then that I had shuffled enough. The new members were put aside, and for the next two hours I perched on the bed, feeding batches of a hundred cards at a time to the secretary, who sat opposite Morrison at the little table and held the cards so that the photograph would be facing the Senator and the information on the other side of them facing himself.

At eleven-thirty we rang for some more ice water. At twelve Morrison missed a certain Captain Peters, who was put back among the cards that remained to be looked at. "Don't let me see where you put it," he ordered, and, while I was secreting Captain Peters, his eyes, narrowed to a concentrated dreamy slit, seemed to be fixed upon the little screw which, if you aren't careful, lets down the transom with a dismal crash. Then they returned to the next photograph.

"John Whitehall—attorney—how's your wife Mr. Whitehall—Dr. Smith—get a new photograph if he cuts his moustache any shorter—Alexander Carson, grange member and cucumber grower—John Fleets of Black Bridge, not the other Fleets his cousin—Mrs. Selina Cooper—I congratulate you Mrs. Cooper—Isn't that right? and Mr. Cooper—you didn't shuffle these cards—and hello, Admiral, it's a pleasure to see you looking so well again. . . ."

At ten past midnight he missed Albert Lurs of the Plasterers' Union. At half-past, two pictures came off and had to be pasted on again. Morrison was cool and cheerful. He had missed only four out of eighteen hundred or so. There were only a hundred left. When these had been called off, which happened without a mistake, Morrison sat still for a moment with his eyes shut, put on his shirt and poured us all out a small drink of whiskey, which we drank in turn, and in complete silence, from the one glass in the room, the glass that harbored Morrison's toothbrush. Then a silent packing up of cards,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which Morrison never took part, a "good night, Senator" from us, and a "Good night," from him, and creaking steps to our own rooms, our own toothbrush in the solitary glass.

The next day, walking all morning through the little town's quiet streets, Morrison greeted, shyly but firmly, three hundred or more of the faces pasted on the cards. I found I could recognize none of them, not one; but Morrison made only one mistake, which wasn't noticed. It seems that there are two Dr. Smiths that look exactly alike. "We'll count double for that card," was Morrison's only comment.

Most of these citizens did not recognize him at all, and seemed pleased, but more pleased than surprised, that he should recognize them. And not one of them wondered where Morrison had met them before.

The speech went off very nicely, all the better because the rustle of palm leave fans prevented a good half of it from being heard. It was, so far as I could make out, a vague procession of words in which were imbedded references to the necessity, or perhaps it was the inadvisability, of tobacco growers' coöperatives. It was delivered with an amiable, faintly hopeless, charmingly perfunctory air, and not one of the audience had the slightest grounds to suspect that this inconspicuous orator was, between ten and midnight, an indefatigable mixture of madman and genius.

The speech was a success. The faces spotted and spoken to afterwards were many. A dozen speeches and many thousand recognitions in other towns had a similar success. There was less doubt than ever that Morrison would be reëlected. . . .

Coming back in the day-coach, with tobacco fields on either side of us and dejected boys selling copies of Life down the aisle, I asked Morrison suddenly what was his greatest ambition in life.

"To get up to a hundred thousand," he answered quietly.

I realized that he was not thinking of money.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Once More, O Commonwealth

August 23, 1927

Rise up, old ghosts, you dead and dumb,
To see where the scholars and judges come!—
Living and eloquent, they bear
New witness to your ancient care:
They have come in their robes and piled the pitch,
They have burned their witch, they have burned their witch.

Go back to your graves, you dumb and dead.
There are other judges in your stead
Whose hearts, while you lie under sod,
Are bounden to your jealous God,
And you and they have eased your itch,
You have burned your witch, you have burned your witch.

WITTER BYNNER.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Sauntering and Loitering"

SIR: The enclosed statement may be of interest to you.

CREIGHTON HILL.

Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

[ENCLOSURE]

Statement by Catharine S. Huntington, 66 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass. Charged with "sauntering and loitering" in front of the State House on Beacon Street, Boston, August 22, 1927.

I would like permission to make a brief statement in explanation of my plea of not guilty to the charge which has been brought against me. The parade in front of the State House in which I took part yesterday was exactly like many other demonstrations which have been going on in Boston for a number of days. Many other defendants have been before this Court on similar charges. They have all been advised to plead guilty to the technical charges brought against them, pay the small fine and the incident would be considered closed.

I feel that it is time someone should protest against this legal subterfuge and make clear the exact status and the exact significance of the act for which I and others are here today. I entered that procession deliberately and with full knowledge that it would result in my arrest. I did not saunter. I did not loiter. I did not obstruct a public passage-way. The cordon of police which surrounded the scene saw to it very carefully that the sidewalk in front of the State House was kept clear. When we started parading we were told politely that we had seven minutes. When the seven minutes were up we were assembled in front of the State House steps and then escorted by police officers to the Joy Street Station.

Under such circumstances, to plead guilty to the charge which the police have seen fit to bring against me would not only be false in fact but would deny the essential reason for the demonstration of which my act was an integral part.

I am an American citizen by inheritance. The name of my family appears on the Declaration of Independence. When the liberties which my ancestors established are endangered as they have been in Boston during these recent horrible weeks, I consider it peculiarly my duty to protest. The right of free assemblage is denied to citizens who wish to discuss a grave national issue. Boston Common is denied to those who would use it for the very purposes for which that Common was set aside and dedicated. Terrorism by the police replaces law and order.

Under these circumstances, I must exercise my rights as a citizen in the only manner which is left, and make some demonstration of my sentiments in common with others who feel as I do.

If it is unlawful to walk in silence before the State House, carrying a card mutely voicing a great injustice, then I *am* guilty. If it is unlawful to urge upon the public authorities in this manner, while there is still time to rectify a tragic mistake, the earnest wish of one citizen that the honor of the Commonwealth be saved, then I am guilty. If it is unlawful to hold an opinion which happens to differ from that of some of the public servants whose salaries my taxes go to pay, then I am guilty. If believing in the innocence of two brave and unfortunate men, charged with a crime which almost the entire civilized world believes they did not commit, is unlawful, then I am guilty.

I don't believe that this is the sort of country which my ancestors tried to make—and that is why I walked in front of the State House yesterday.

Only Conservatives May Ask for Justice

SIR: As you are defenders of anarchists and enemies of our government, I would like to ask you who is paying for the propaganda you are furthering with page advertisements in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York Times today? These two rats, Sacco and Vanzetti, don't believe in our courts or our laws, but they are moving heaven and earth to find some loophole in our courts to defend their dirty skins. Think of the hypocrisy they are indulging in in petitioning the courts (which they do not believe in) for mercy and justice. Anarchists don't believe in courts, and they are admitted anarchists. It is a disgraceful thing for a journal to come out in defense of such a pair of birds, caught with pistols in their hands.

Do you imagine for a moment that all the great minds, legal minds, who have passed on this case are fools, unjust or what? Their attorney accepted as talesmen the jury who tried and decided against them. What more do you or they ask? You can rest assured that 99⅞ percent of the people in America have no use for these birds, and wouldn't turn a hair to aid them. It is a noisy lot of radicals who are annoying us about Sacco and Vanzetti.

K. C. WILSON.

New York City.

The Visiting Nurses

SIR: The fourth week of October is to see the establishment of an annual Week for the Visiting Nurse Service of the Henry Street Settlement in New York City.

I should like to call the attention of your readers throughout the country to the inauguration of this week for two reasons. First, in the hope that the nursing services of other cities may come to set aside this week so that ultimately it will assume national proportions; and secondly, because the Henry Street nurses are serving in communities from New York to San Francisco—from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico. Added to this, in the past thirty years, women have come from forty-seven countries to receive their training in public health nursing with the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service. Hence its influence is felt both nationally and internationally.

Education and ministration are the twin purposes of the Visiting Nurse Service. The nurses bring skilled care into the homes of all who are ill, without distinction as to nationality, religion or the ability of the individual to pay for such service. At the same time they instruct all others as their ministration gives them opportunity so to do.

It is hoped that Visiting Nurse Service Week may bring to the community an increased understanding and a more lively interest in a Service which obviously is deserving of both.

New York City. JAMES H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

Station WEVD

SIR: The success of the trustees of the Debs Memorial Fund in obtaining a radio station ought to be a matter of genuine interest to your readers. When we started out in our quest for a station, even our friends warned us of the lions in our path. It must be admitted that the outlook was not rosy. Yet today we are owners of an excellent station, in the Greater New York area, of which we take formal possession October 1. The Radio Commission has been most courteous, has issued us a license and approved of the new call letters, WEVD—(EVD will be recognized as the initials of Eugene V. Debs). We have strong hopes that later the Commission will approve our application for an increase in power and for a somewhat better wave length.

We are now doing two things: first, laying plans for the successful operation of the station after October 1, and, second, looking around for one or more stations in other parts of the country which, by outright purchase or coöperative control, can be brought into a chain with WEVD for nation-wide service. Along both these lines we are making progress. We plan to make our station, or stations, something of a people's university. Aside from the discussion of current events and the presentation of facts and arguments usually ignored by the newspapers and radios of Mr. Babbitt's world, we hope to establish radio classes in civics, and, possibly, in the appreciation of music.

While the Memorial Fund was initiated by the Socialist party, we have had the hearty coöperation of unions of all sorts, and on our Board are liberals not connected with the party. Thus we guarantee something more than partisan service. It was poignantly appropriate that our first act after buying the station was to broadcast an appeal for Sacco and Vanzetti. Later Miss Vanzetti spoke over the station in her brother's behalf.

The one condition of our success is financial. Our station, or our chain, cannot be made self-supporting by the customary forms of advertising. We are working out plans for raising some revenue, but we must depend for success upon the voluntary gifts of those who believe that this station is the best protection against the monopolization of the radio as a propaganda agency for this new American imperialism, strangely compounded of profits and patriotism, which threatens our peace and well-being at home and abroad. A quarter of a million dollars is a modest estimate of what is necessary to obtain and maintain a living memorial to that pure and flaming spirit, Eugene V. Debs. Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged if sent to August Gerber, Secretary, Debs Memorial Fund, 31 Union Square, New York City.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York City. Chairman, Debs Memorial Fund.

Ten-Gallon Hats for Everybody

SIR: In the August 10 issue of the New Republic, one T. R. B. speaks of the Black Hills and the "whole staged business"—namely, "the ten-gallon hat, the tame horse, the fixed fish, the gold panning for the movies, the Indian stuff, the rodeos and the 'roughing it' after rehearsals."

In all justice to Calvin Coolidge, I should like to say that very little of the above-mentioned episodes were "staged" for Calvin Coolidge. They happen every year, most of them, and Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, like the friendly people that they really are, joined in with the summer Black Hills festivities as any guests would do.

People were asked not to fish in the streams reserved for the President, but I have seen twenty trout pulled in before breakfast from those same streams, before they ever heard of Coolidge.

They gave him a tame horse, to be sure. The people in the "Hills" had no wish to kill him. And they provided the ten-gallon hats for the President and the newspaper men, more for fun than anything else.

The Rodeo is an annual event in Belle Fourche, just as it is in Chicago. And the gold panning is a part of the yearly pageant given in Custer by the younger university people of that place. (The majority of people living in Custer today were born in the east, by the way.)

As a matter of fact, South Dakota people, especially the ones living in the Black Hills, were pleased that the President chose to come here, and invited him to all their entertainments, just as they would any other eastern guests.

The newspaper men were naturally instructed to make the most of the local color. That is part of the game. It is the unusual that makes the best feature story for the papers, and what more unusual than to see a staid Vermonter in cowboy costume?

The President and Mrs. Coolidge may or may not have done some of it for effect, but, personally, I believe that they entered into and really enjoyed the annual festivities in the Black Hills. And I am sure that they enjoyed the people, for there are many New Englanders among them.

The Black Hills pepole are laughing among themselves about the stuff that the newspaper men send out. They'd prefer to have the beauty of the mountains described and the fertility of the soil. But that wouldn't make good reading, and they know that the people back east are provincial enough to demand the wild west stuff.

But they themselves have done little more for the President than they would for any other ordinary man that they liked, because he liked them.

MARION DEANE PERKINS.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gog, Magog, and Evolution

A Companion to H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," by Hilaire Belloc. San Francisco: Ecclesiastical Supply Association. 119 pages. $3.50.

Mr. Belloc Objects to "The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells. London: Watts and Company. 55 pages. One shilling.

Mr. Belloc Still Objects, by Hilaire Belloc. San Francisco: Ecclesiastical Supply Company. 43 pages.

WHEN priests fall out, honest men get their due—so runs an ancient proverb. The innocent bystanders also enjoy an extraordinary spectacle, not very edifying to be sure, but most instructive. It is not very edifying to hear it trumpeted forth from the Catholic press of three continents, not to mention book publication, that the cringing actuality behind the aliases of William Clissold and Mr. Britling is a provincial "of the Home Counties and the London Suburbs," a "Bible Christian who has lost his God . . . . a materialist troubled with Pantheism, and very eager to get away from the Puritan disease of his youth"; nor does the situation gain much in dignity when the great archbishop of ecclesiastical journalism is stripped of his vestments and made to appear as "Mr. Belloc, dodging about in my London club, and in Soho and thereabouts, and even occasionally appearing at a dinner-party, compactly stout, rather breathless and always insistently garrulous."

One's first thought is regret at the passing of the fine art of controversy, as cultivated in the gentlemanly tradition of the English universities and illustrated in the discussion between Newman and Kingsley which culminated in the "Apologia." We have reverted to the manners of the Renaissance. When we have reached the point at which Wells can accuse someone else of being garrulous, and Belloc can taunt another man with being troubled about God, the party is getting rough. Pots, kettles, and the ruins of glass houses float darkly across our vision.

All religions are glass houses, lucidly crystalline to their inhabitants and fragile only to outsiders with stones in their hands. Mr. Belloc protests that Mr. Wells does not understand Catholicism. He is quite right. Mr. Wells insists that Mr. Belloc does not perceive the inward light of science. Nothing could be more obvious. What follows from this? Only that Mr. Belloc is a Catholic and Mr. Wells a Gnostic—both of which everybody knew before. Mr. Wells seems to imagine that all Christians must be profoundly disturbed by the specter of Dawn Man, and that it is important that our museum specimens of *Eoanthropus* are "more considerable in amount" than the hair of the Virgin which he saw at Cava di Tirrene. Mr. Belloc says that he should read St. Thomas, and Mr. Belloc is right. There are some who think that Christianity and not merely the legislature of the State of Tennessee was on trial at Dayton; but they are mistaken. Christianity is not quite as indictable as that. Mr. Belloc seems to think that when Driesch said "twenty long years ago, 'Darwinism is dead,'" he was speaking for science, *ex cathedra*. He should read Loeb and Schaefer.

But the fact is that Mr. Wells is as incapable of reading the "Summa Theologica" as Mr. Belloc is of reading "The Mechanistic Conception of Life." The difficulty in each case is not deficiency of linguistic attainments nor of general education nor of acquaintance with European culture—the matters over which these two worthies have thought it seemly to stick out their tongues in public. On the contrary, it is temperamental. To read St. Thomas Aquinas sympathetically—or Gautama, or Confucius, or Loeb—is a life work not to be undertaken lightly in the manner of one getting up a subject for a club paper. Mr. Belloc knows this well enough so far as St. Thomas is concerned, but, like every true believer, he does a certain amount of injustice to the saints of other creeds. Mr. Wells confesses that he has worshiped Darwin from his youth up, that he studied his catechism and was confirmed in the fellowship of the true faith by none other than the Right Reverend Thomas Henry Huxley. Very naturally, therefore, the Christian Church appears to him a mere temporary aberration, a passing derangement of the European mind.

All this is only the pardonable exuberance of the devotee. Neither Mr. Belloc nor Mr. Wells has ever masqueraded in false colors. Mr. Wells has made it abundantly clear in all his works that he is not a professing Christian, just as clear as Mr. Belloc could ever make it that he is not a scientist. There was nothing for Mr. Belloc to be disturbed about. Surely Christians are not in danger merely through the fact of Mr. Wells' existence! But in so far as Mr. Belloc may have been disturbed, surely Mr. Wells might have made allowances! Has he any thought of converting so hardy a heretic to the faith of science? If so, he is the greatest optimist in history.

But the case is quite otherwise when our doughty Tweedledum and Tweedledee commence to cite authority. It is extraordinary how many men there are whose complexion is made up with shot colors. With complacent confidence, Mr. Belloc cites Driesch as one to the scientific manner born. He may have been; but if so he made a journey to Damascus and came back a changed man. Driesch has been a Christian apologist, using the language of physiology and psychology only as the devil might cite scripture for his purpose, for lo, these twenty years. Meanwhile, another of Mr. Belloc's sure-fire authorities for the demise of Darwinism, Professor T. H. Morgan, is a critic of Darwin only because, like most modern biologists, he has found it necessary to out-Darwin Darwin. His criticism of Darwin consists only in this, that Darwin failed to go quite far enough—alas, in a direction directly opposite to Monsignor Hilaire Belloc!

What we need in contemporary discussion is a Pride's purge, a restoration of jolly old Judge Jeffreys and the reign of thorough. We need to get these gentlemen classified. We need to come to a completer realization that Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn and Dr. Robert Andrew Millikan are Christians precisely as Mr. John D. Rockefeller is a Christian. To be sure, they have scientific connections, just as Mr. Rockefeller has business connections. They have even become public men through their scientific work precisely as Mr. Rockefeller became a public man through the organization of the Standard Oil Company. But when Mr. Rockefeller gives forth on the subject of business and Christianity we all understand that it is the Christian, not the founder of the Standard Oil Company, who speaks. This is what we need to understand about our lesser Januses—that, when Dr. Osborn and Dr. Millikan address us *in re* science and Christianity, it is the Christians who are speaking. The science has been left at home.

When and if we attain this last degree of clarity, we shall have need of no further spit-ball-throwing. We shall then have passed through the stage of controversy, and be all set for honest throat-cutting.

C. E. AYRES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China and the Chinese

China and the Powers, by Henry Kittredge Norton. New York: The John Day Company. 258 pages. $4.

What and Why in China, by Paul Hutchinson. Chicago: Willet, Clark and Colby. 131 pages. $1.

China in Revolt, by T'ang Leang-li. Foreword by Dr. Tsai Yuan-pei. Preface by the Honorable Bertrand Russell. London: Noel Douglas. 176 pages. Seven shillings, six pence.

China in Turmoil, Studies in Personality, by Louis Magrath King. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 233 pages. $4.50.

In China, 1920-1921, by Abel Bonnard. Translated by Veronica Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 361 pages. $5.

UNSATISFIED curiosity no longer compels the general reader to accept any "something about China" as worth his time. We can begin to choose. And, if we are willing to bother about having decently well supported opinions, we can discriminate against the writers who settle this week's political questions on the authority of knowing all about ceramics of the Sung period. The primary need, however, is still for summaries which maintain the difficult balance between origins and late developments.

We shall be very lucky if each successive stage in the political duel between East and West is as well brought to point as is the present stage in Mr. Henry Kittredge Norton's book, "China and the Powers." No one else has done so reasonable and illuminating an account of the present situation. Except when the Russian bear comes sniffing around, Mr. Norton keeps an admirable poise. Only the presence of Russia seems to upset him and inflate his rhetoric. Generally speaking, his work is authoritative, compact and fair. If there is any sophistical element in his reasoning, it is perhaps his defense of American manners in expressing our oriental immigration policy. And the account of the immediate origins of the revolution in 1912 is simplified beyond the limits of adequate presentation. These faults are heavily outweighed by Mr. Norton's comprehensive mastery of the material and his judicial spirit. Next after its firm grasp of the whole problem, "China and the Powers" makes its greatest contribution in the discussion of the part played in China's political revolution by the beginnings of an industrial revolution. Too many attempts at a summary take it naïvely for granted that Chinese politics really exists in the economic vacuum where the less logical Nationalists do their thinking. Mr. Norton keeps us among realities. Whether China would have had a political upheaval in this generation without the interfering presence of foreign powers is an unanswerable query. The important fact is that the revolution, when it did come, was a revolt against evil economic conditions as well as distaste for the Manchu dynasty. Those conditions may have been aggravated by the management of foreign investments but—if Mr. Norton is right—they were not the creation of foreign capital alone or primarily. He helps to explain the failure of China to weather the first disturbances of industrial change by comparing Japanese experience. Chinese students are only now beginning to acquire technical knowledge abroad instead of politico-philosophic notions. The Japanese were after technical help from the first, and they have profited by it.

Mr. Norton is unsympathetic toward Chinese society and culture, if one may judge by his tone, but he is not confused by prejudice. He does not suffer doctrinaires gladly, whether Chinese or western, and—rarest of all achievements in this field—he prophesies without being ridiculous. "If the United States can hold the coöperation of the Powers in repressing the interests among their own people that demand aggressive action, until such time as China is able to stand upon her own feet, she will have succeeded in one of the most difficult tasks that ever faced her diplomacy."

Mr. Paul Hutchinson, also attempting a summary, has written a nervous little book on "What and Why in China" and has succeeded in showing What much better than Why. He leaves out the internal fundamental factors which lead Mr. Norton to assert that there would have been a revolution even without foreign interference. His method is colloquial. Loud, clear repetitions of true but oversimplified facts give his book an alluring air of ease, and it will serve its purpose—provided no reader thinks the problem is as simple as he makes out.

T'ang Leang-li, ardent and rather glib Nationalist, should be read by all those Westerners whose hides are so tough that a thorough mauling is necessary to affect them. Mr. Bertrand Russell gives this book his blessing, evidently more for love of China than for love of philosophic truth, for it is anything but philosophic. The indictment of Western policy is "painful," as Mr. Russell says, but it is scarcely "irrefutable." The picture of the Middle Kingdom before the Powers broke in is idealized beyond reason and even beyond the testimony the Chinese themselves have given us in non-political literature. Mr. T'ang shares the natural weakness of nearly all nationalist agitators in Asia; he measures the villainy of his country's oppressors against a romantic myth of his country's past. But an over-wrought complaint gets part of its moral force from its very unreasonableness. If Mr. T'ang uses English words to mean the same things that we mean by them, he is often untruthful and unfair. If international politics were a mere debate, he would lose his case by his carelessness in handling evidence. But international politics is an affair of human, not intellectual issues. For the sake of Mr. Russell's reputation as a thinker, it is to be hoped that he means something of this sort when he asks us to listen to Mr. T'ang. Gross as Mr. T'ang's mistakes may be, he is saying what thousands of able and sincere young Chinese believe, and the gravamen of the indictment is justifiable.

The other two books on our list are not controversial except by implication. Mr. King's, "China in Turmoil," rather opportunistically named to take advantage of present interest, is a series of character sketches of Chinese soldiers, diplomats, princes and patriots. Most of his subjects are not identified, and there is some obscurity when he refers from one sketch to another. He gathered his impressions as a consular representative of Great Britain in the Western provinces, and their vividness enables him to destroy a common myth—that China is made up of a few brigand-gladiators, a few students, a few cosmopolitan merchants, and an inert undifferentiated mass. Long acquaintance has made the people of provinces which the average reader scarcely ever heard of very real to Mr. King; he knows them in official and business life, and to him they are complex and varied persons—not just "Chinese." This reality is refreshing in a field where most books find no middle way between trivial subjective adventures and pallid abstractions.

The brilliant essay of M. Bonnard suffers from lack of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such intimate knowledge. It is suprising that so observant and intelligent a traveler should fall into the most ancient of traveler's errors, which is that the characters of members of a strange race are as monotonous and undifferentiated as they appear to his eyes. M. Bonnard sees Chinese people as part of a landscape. He describes that landscape with its skies and its weather, the odors of streets and fields, the sounds of life, the subtle atmosphere of trouble, using all his senses and a superb imagination to give the reader an experience. His book belongs not on the shelf of politics, but alongside Pierre Loti or Couperus, with the works that give the true accent of poetry to traveler's tales. He has his ideas, chauvinistic in a delicate high-minded fashion, but he believes in salvation by reason and sympathy. Even a poet, if he brings these unhackneyed articles of faith, has something to say in a political discussion.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Is Childhood a Disease?

The Inner World of Childhood, by Frances Wickes. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 378 pages. $3.

THIS is the age of the child. A truism surely. But what an age! A generation ago, the child was a young human being. Recently from heaven, he had a soul uncontaminated by things mundane. He was a little closer to God than the rest of us. He was man before conversation with the serpent. But today the sociologists assure us the child is a bit closer to earth than the rest of us, a little animal who has had no humanizing experience with culture. Thorndike has contended that the child learns like a cat, only to have Koffka point out that the child really learns like an ape. McDougall argues persuasively that the child is a bundle of instincts common to the professor of Latin and the Patagonian ox. Watson, in feverish denial, maintains that the child is but an unconditioned bit of protoplasm. Meanwhile the psychoanalysts have done their share in shattering our illusions about childhood. No more are we tempted to sing "Make me a child again just for tonight." For in the light of psychoanalysis, childhood turns out to be a disease from which few of us recover.

The present volume is the latest contribution of the psychoanalyst to the literature on the child. Frances Wickes, a disciple of Jung, is a clinician who specializes in the analysis of problem children. "The Inner World of Childhood" attempts to lay bare the situations in childhood that lead to emotional twistings and thwartings in the adult personality. It is only just to say that "The Inner World of Childhood" is the most sane approach to the problems of childhood that has yet been penned by a psychoanalyst. The book is filled with common-sense observations that will prove suggestive to parent and teacher. How much this is due to Mrs. Wickes' study with Jung, and how much to her experience as a parent, it is impossible to state.

Mrs. Wickes finds the key to the inner world of childhood in the fact that the child's problems reflect the unsolved problems of his parents. With interesting if fragmentary cases, we are shown the emotional disturbances that arise in the young child through an intuition of the emotional conflicts present in the parent, which the parent supposes to have been successfully hidden. Regression from reality into a world of imaginary companions, fantasy and dreams is shown to be a common escape for the child who is too early held to the standards of the adult world. The emotional disturbances that may accompany the awakening of the child's sex life are pointed out, with sensible suggestions on sex education. A sympathetic picture is drawn of the child's struggle in adolescence to achieve an independent and effective personality, and of the devastating results of an unwise parental love, particularly on the part of parents who have made failures of their own life adjustments, who cling to the child as an object of satisfaction for starved emotions. And there is an interesting discussion of children's fears.

Mrs. Wickes' psychology is not shot through with sex, and the book contains refreshingly little of the technical jargon of the analyst. But none the less the *deus ex machina* of the unconscious plays a prominent part in the explanation of the behavior of the child. Dreams and emotional impulses are seen as arising out of Jung's repository of mysteries, the collective unconscious of the race. The libido is always just around the corner.

The book reflects, for all its merits, one of the grave faults of much of the recent literature on childhood—the assimilation of the concept of the normal to the clinical picture derived from experience with unadjusted and problem children. We have heard much, for example, of the adolescent flare-up. Adolescence has been presented as a temporary neurosis arising out of emotional storm and stress. Yet the observations of parents and teachers would indicate that at least a majority of children pass through puberty without exhibiting the classical symptoms of adolescent instability. The clinic has warped the picture. And one feels, as one lays down Mrs. Wickes' book, that perhaps childhood is not quite the *congeries* of apprehensions, fears, emotional disturbances and conflicts that she pictures it. Is it not possible, after all, that childhood may yet be proved not to be a disease?

HARVEY ZORBAUGH.

Caxton and His Time

Caxton: Mirrour of Fifteenth-Century Letters. A Study of the Literature of the First English Press, by Nellie Slayton Aurner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 320 pages. $6.

MRS. AURNER'S book on Caxton should be welcomed by both the student and the general reader. Besides a full and correct account of Caxton's life and his activity as a printer, it has enough supplementary material bearing on his publications to make it a valuable reference work. But Mrs. Aurner tells simply, clearly, and with a minimum of historical detail, a story that should appeal to any reader who is interested in the progress of civilization and thought, and ready to seize on the pleasingly presented outline of science, history, or literature. Having relegated most of the facts of scholarship to notes and appendices, she is able, in a short space, to give some impression of the commercial and intellectual activity in Bruges during the last third of the fifteenth century, to show its influence on Caxton's work, not only as printer, but as editor and translator, and to do honor to the English group from whom he received sympathy and patronage. A particularly good conception of late medieval culture and of its promise for the future is to be had from the books published by Caxton. Even the brief digests of their contents which are given in this volume reveal the social and moral attitudes of the cultured, the surviving ideals of chivalry presented in romance, and the strain of classical learning and thought that was impelling the dominant group in England toward the Renaissance. The reader can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hardly fail to be fascinated as Mrs. Aurner is by this picture of a transitional culture. Though other students of the period would probably emphasize phases of the period that she neglects, her book should be influential in introducing a body of serious readers to one of the most charming chapters in the history of the growth of English culture.

CHARLES READ BASKERVILL.

Lincoln in a New Role

The Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln, by Brigadier-General Colin R. Ballard, C. B., C. M. G., New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. 241 pages. $5.

THE Great Civil War has long been an attractive subject for comment and criticism by able officers of the British army. Such contributions to our military history are always welcome, because they partake of our own sentiment of pride in our common race, and because they are free from the suspicion of sectional prejudice which is apt to be found in our own histories.

General Ballard gives a concise account of the military operations of the Civil War, with plenty of maps in outline to make them clear. The words "strategy" and "strategist" occur many times, as often as a half-dozen times on a page, usually with high approval of President Lincoln and with general application also. On several occasions, however, the author qualifies this estimate, as on page thirty-one, where he remarks that Lincoln was "deficient as a strategist in knowledge, experience and imagination," and on page forty-six, where it is noted that he was "lacking in strategical foresight." It is made quite clear that Jackson, with 16,000 men, neutralized 90,000 Federal troops in the Valley Campaign, but the fault is ascribed to the generals who did not comply with the orders of the President in Washington. Few will agree that such operations should be directed at that distance. The four independent commands of McDowell, Banks and Frémont, as well as the garrison of Washington, should have been under a single commander in the field, or better still, three-fourths of the troops should have been with McClellan on the Peninsula. The President's war order of January 22, 1862, is mentioned without comment. It is the same with the letter to McClellan, saying: "My implicit order is that Washington should, by the judgment of all the commanders of army corps, be left entirely secure." The influence of this order on the Peninsula Campaign of McClellan is well known.

It may appear that the author gives too extended a meaning to the words strategy and strategist, which primarily mean army leadership and generalship. Much of this seems to fall within the domain of political policy. The blockade, the emancipation and conscription seem to belong under this heading. It may have been good politics, but it was poor strategy to give independent commands to political generals all along the front, from Virginia to Kansas and the Gulf of Mexico. The highest tactical units like corps and divisions were also distributed in great numbers to the same class. Many educated soldiers had left the army and had made useful associations in civil life. Halleck, McClellan, Grant, Sherman, Burnside, were of this class. Some of them might not have been able to survive a Shiloh or a Bull Run, or a Chickasaw Bluff, without political backing. General Ballard seems to be mistaken in saying that Grant had "no political influence at his back." Elihu Washburne was Representative from Grant's home town, an intimate friend and supporter of Lincoln for many years and one of the most powerful men in Washington. He stood behind Grant from first to last and probably obtained his early promotion to Brigadier and Major General. On September 3, 1861, Grant thanked him for his "assignment to command all troops of Southeast Missouri and at Cairo, Illinois."

After the Southerners had left the regular army in 1861, there were about 700 educated officers remaining. Many were at frontier posts in the Indian country, on the Pacific slope, and others became prisoners of war in the Southern states. For the most part they took rank below the politicians and their fortunate friends. At the battle of Shiloh, about nine months after Bull Run, we find only three of them, not highly placed, in Grant's army. At the same time, the South had about one-third as many men of this class, but made good use of them, as shown by results. Now, with the memory of the World War still in our minds, we may ask what would have happened under a similar policy.

It is not an agreeable task to drag these matters from their long repose, but it seems well to quote the judgment of the Ropes Committee of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, which remarks:

> Few men at the head of affairs during a great war have ever given such evidence of entire unfitness to have any general direction over military men as Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton, and this inaptitude for war the former retained to the end of his life.

EBEN SWIFT.

Fiction Notes

Meanwhile, by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

"MEANWHILE" is a journalistic novel. Mr. Wells handles his fiction canoe with the freedom of habit. He carries his readers along on a stream of narrative with his eyes and theirs fixed on scenes taking place on the banks. In "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," the stream tore through the terrifying chasm of the Great War. In "Meanwhile" it runs more gently through the General Strike. Needless to say, we are concerned less with the story than with Mr. Wells' comments as revealing the progress of his own opinions. Of the present book, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Wells laughs mildly at the Utopian in Mr. Sempack, and has apparently lost faith in the expert master of the world's business recently painted in William Clissold. His hope, like Disraeli's a century ago, is in the young aristocrat who proposes to use his wealth and position "to turn the face of the whole system toward the new order." Above all he still has faith in the natural process: he sees the world in labor, the old dying in giving birth to the new.

The Ship Moves On, by Nordahl Grieg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

LIKE Conrad's "Youth," this is the story of a voyage; but while in Conrad's masterpiece the theme is a struggle against the clean forces of nature, in which the spirit of youth rises supreme above hardship and terror, in Nordahl Grieg's book, equally a masterpiece, the enemy is not the sea, but the seaport, and youth goes down before its foul betrayal. The process by which the sailor, a superman in courage and resource on his natural element, be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comes a weakling and a child when he takes shore leave, has never been revealed with more agonizing truth. The isolation which braces his powers to the utmost in the struggle to survive, makes him helpless in contact with men—and women. Mr. Grieg tells his story in swift, sheer narrative, that cuts to the quick.

Impatient Griselda, by Dorothy Scarborough. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

TWO forever opposed types of woman are revealed in the legends of Lilith and Griselda. Miss Scarborough has brought them together in this book in the background of the Texas small town which she knows so well. To sketch her story, the first Lilith, dying, leaves a daughter to inherit the love which she has stolen, and put Griselda, the second wife, to a life-long test. And the second Lilith, likewise a thief of love, dying, leaves a daughter to repeat the story with Griselda's daughter. The repetition enforces the universality of the theme. "The Liliths were invincible! Death itself but gave them stronger hold over the hearts of men. For them alone the lightning-flash, the prairie fire, the magic moonlight. All that the Irenes could hope for was to be a lamp set in the window of home. . . . But that was much, if you loved a man! . . . "

Miss Scarborough will never write an uninteresting novel. Her resources in fiction are unusual. Her danger is in using them too lavishly. Here, for instance, we have the humorous device of Miss Mattie, whose homely realistic comment plays upon each phase of the situation, and the Gothic device of Sheba the jungle woman, who plants her folk songs at apposite spots in the story, and tries to avert fate with a "conjure" which goes wrong. And we have also the author conducting the story with too much attention to the vehicle. But her readers will not complain of Miss Scarborough's generosity or of her cheerful presence in her book.

The Bright Threshold, by Janet Ramsay. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

THE BRIGHT THRESHOLD" is the very intelligent handling of a young girl's life in Paris and in New York. With the technical requirements fulfilled, the story lacks the thrust which would give it distinction. Natalie is beautiful and attractive; she lives on the frontier of the arts; she is involved as a child in a thin web of maladjustment and misunderstanding between her parents, of which she drags into later life the rather exaggerated consequences. But all this is hardly enough to make her experience rich, exciting or significant enough to justify the pains which Miss Ramsay lavishes upon it. A good novel in outline, somewhat lacking in color.

Sidewalks of New York, by Nat J. Ferber. Chicago: Pascal Covici. $2.50.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK" follows the fortunes of Sam Posternock, a Polish-Jew bastard, brought to New York by his foster parents. Some of his adventures reflect the humor of the Ghetto. The *schadschen,* Herschel Luftig, who, on hints from the monuments in Mount David Cemetery, arranges matches between widows and widowers, is a figure worthy of Zangwill. When Sam swims out into the deeper waters of political corruption, high finance and protected vice, Mr. Ferber is less able to follow him. The book which bade fair to recall both "Children of the Ghetto" and "The Rise of David Levinsky" disappoints us in the second part. It lacks the specification which gives to the Ghetto scenes their humor and vitality.

God Got One Vote, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

ANOTHER urban novel—the story of the immigrant who, unlike Sam Posternock, achieved greatness. This time it is Patrick Van Hoos, Dutch-Irish, who fights his way to the boss rule of a Mid-western city and state. His career takes him through the slimy ways of American local politics, but, strangely enough, he keeps a kind of honesty, limited by ignorance, a level of decency below which he will not sink. It will be admitted, I think, that Mr. Brennan knows his man, and knows his background. The sweetening which the book gains from Pat's daughter and the young rector whom she adopts by marriage will irritate only the uncompromising realist.

Death of a Young Man, by W. L. River. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.

DAVID BLOCH is a student, whose sensibility is sharpened to extraordinary keenness by the imminence of death. This presence casts a baleful light, under which the commonplaces of his experience, his pleasure in nature, in friendship, in the adolescent love of girls, take on a strange and terrible meaning. The weaving of a pattern of trivial, realistic detail against the background of infinite mystery is here carried to a climax of pain. As should be expected in a *tour de force* of this type, at times there is a lapse into artifice; but there is also a pervading effect of insight and eloquence in keeping with the great theme. "I am a residuum of the things I have seen, the odors, the flavors, the colors that have surrounded me, and even so, even with the magic of these sensations I am powerless to give back life and body to the things I remember; and when I die this great vat of sounds and odors and colors will be broken and they will flow imperceptibly back, whence they came, and the shadows that move about in my mind, these things will be gone." R. M. L.

Contributors

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL is a native of New York, at present living in Connecticut. Since 1909 he has been an occasional contributor of prose and verse to current periodicals.

PAUL BLANSHARD is Field Secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy. He has made two recent trips to China to study labor and revolutionary movements.

NELS ANDERSON is a writer and lecturer on social science. He is the author of "The Hobo."

WITTER BYNNER, poet and playwright, is the author of "The Beloved Stranger," "A Canticle of Pan," "Pins for Wings," and other books.

C. E. AYRES, formerly a member of the staff of the New Republic, has also been professor of Philosophy at Amherst and Reed Colleges. He is the author of "Science: the False Messiah."

LYMAN BRYSON is now living in California, after a number of years abroad in international relief work.

HARVEY ZORBAUGH is a professor of Sociology at New York University.

CHARLES READ BASKERVILL, professor of English literature in the University of Chicago, is the author of numerous texts and research articles.

EBEN SWIFT, Brigadier-General of the U. S. Army (retired), was chief of the American Military Mission in Italy during the late War.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harper

Extraordinary praise for

GLENWAY WESCOTT'S

prize novel of American Life

The GRAND-MOTHERS

"Among the most beautiful books I have ever read—and the truest." —*Louis Bromfield*

"He is the most important event in American fiction since Dreiser." —*Ernest Boyd*

HARPER & BROTHERS

MT. AIRY IS NOT A CAMP BUT A COMMUNITY where artists and radicals teach children, write books, compose music and do other worthwhile things all the year through. It has a school that is "different," a brook, beautiful woods and many fine views of the Hudson, to say nothing of such things as running water, electric light and telephones. It adjoins the village of Croton-on-Hudson, but has the advantage of privacy where a new form of social life can daily. *Special inducements for those with children.*
Enquire Harry Kelly, 70 Fifth Avenue, Tel. Chelsea 0432.

HUMANIST SERMONS

EDITED BY CURTIS W. REESE

Within the liberal churches of America there is a religious movement which has come to be known as Humanism. The present volume is a collection of sermons which have been used in the regular course of parish preaching by Humanist ministers of national reputation. Boards, $2.50.

HINDU MYSTICISM

BY S. N. DASGUPTA

Six Lectures delivered at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

A survey of the most significant types of Indian mysticism. The author presents rich illustrative material in the way of legends, hymns and scriptural references. Light is thus thrown on the nature and the development of religion as a whole. Boards, $2.00.

Send for Complete Catalog

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY
337 East Chicago Avenue Chicago, Illinois

"Deft, sensitive and stimulating."
—The New Yorker.

GROTESQUES

By MARY CASS CANFIELD

Essays on contemporary personalities, the arts, the theatre and literature.

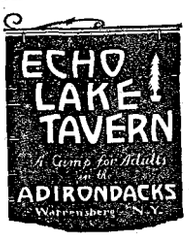
"Brilliant papers, sharp and penetrating criticism."—*New York World.*

$2.00 wherever books are sold.

HARPER & BROTHERS New York

Little Theatre
44th St., W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Tuesday and Thursday at popular prices.

GRAND STREET FOLLIES
"One cannot find anywhere in New York, more clever ideas, more fresh satire, or more nerve."—Joseph Wood Krutch in The Nation.



Few reservations left for Summer. Spend September, Indian Summer, in the pine-clad Adirondacks, an ideal time for rest and recreation.
$30 weekly.
Echo Lake Tavern, Warrensburg, N. Y. Tel. Warrensburg 55
Moe Nudell
Rebecca B. Nudell

Brook Bend Corner House

MONTEREY, MASS.
R. R. Station — Gt. Barrington, P. O. Monterey

It is beautiful in the Berkshires in the winter, especially up to Christmas.
Miss Lella Livingston Morse and Mrs. Arthur Agmar Cater have arranged to take care of a few people who want charming, quiet surroundings and delicious food.

HESSIAN HILLS SCHOOL

formerly Mt. Airy School

A little school in the country where boys and girls may live and grow in a world not only of textbooks.
CROTON-ON-HUDSON NEW YORK
ELIZABETH MOOS, director

The Little White Schoolhouse

VALLEY COTTAGE, N. Y.

An informal school in the country, one hour from New York, for children, five to seven.

Agnes de Lima, director **Tel. Nyack**
Valley Cottage, N. Y. **675-W**

THERE is a tract of land, comprising 200 acres, in a most attractive suburban section, within easy commuting distance of New York, that some intelligent and enterprising person will see the possibilities in for development as an all year round resort, or sanitarium, or country school, or club. If he were to see its splendid woodlands with towering oaks, fragrant pines and abundant shrubbery; its fine springs, trout stream, and lovely lake; its beautiful walks and bridal paths; its commanding location on an accessible hill top he might well be urged to take its thirty room brick house, its three ten room cottages (all with modern improvements), along with its stables and convert them to the uses of people seeking an ideal retreat. To such a desirable man or woman the owner is ready to lease the property for a five or ten year period at an attractive rate. References given and required. No brokers. Address: Box 505. The New Republic.

TEACHER (MAN) with perfected technique in a number of high school subjects and who has had experience supervising and directing school work, wants a position in an evening school in New York doing college preparatory work or the equivalent. Address: Box 506. The New Republic.

EARN PROMOTION AND COLLEGE CREDIT
through the
HOME-STUDY COURSES
in 40 different subjects given by
The University of Chicago
233 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Young woman (26), who, despite an A.B. and an A.M. (Cornell), an appreciation of Latin verse, the **Poetics**, and William Blake, finds good sense, executive experience, a knowledge of practical printing and hard work even more interesting and of more permanent worth,—wants a job (or an opportunity)), where these latter qualifications count. Address: Box 503, **The New Republic.**

The former pastor of an American Community Church in a Latin American capital, now returning from a two months' study of European conditions, seeks position, with a view to specialization in foreign affairs, on editorial staff of newspaper or periodical. **Reply "Foreign Affairs," The New Republic.**

YOUNG MAN university trained, married, desires position with opportunity to learn retail business . Write box 504, The New Republic.

WANTED: YOUNG WOMAN with literary tastes to share Cape Cod cottage rent free. Piano, Bathing. September 20th to November 20th.—**Clarice Lorenz, South Dennis, Mass.**

335 WEST 11th: Ten 2-room—bath apartments, 2 with kitchens, in splendid remodeled house, Greenwich Village. Steam heat, hot water, fireplaces, porch, large garden. $50 to $80. **Telephone: Watkins 1225.**

WRITERS:—A few tasteful, inexpensive studio apartments available. Excellent neighborhood. Congenial working conditions. 51 W. 11th Street.

EARN $25 WEEKLY
Spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE.
Press Syndicate, 1060, St. Louis, Mo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED